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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, May 18, 1984

Festival Month



ימינו 27.5-17.6.1984 תשס"ד JERUSALEM FILM FESTIVAL 84 ישראל / ISRAEL FILM ARCHIVE / JERUSALEM CINEMATHEQUE / ארכיון ישראל לסרטים / סנמטק ירושלים

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100 films from 20 countries at the Jerusalem Cinematheque

Films in original dialogue, with English subtitles. Those marked * are without English subtitles, but there will be a simultaneous Hebrew translation.

Advance ticket sales open on 20.5 for members only, for week 1, and continue throughout Festival, each day for one week in advance.

Box Office hours for advance sales:
Sun.-Thurs. 10.00-14.00, Fri. 08.00-12.00

From May 27, box office will be open daily for the general public, one hour before the 1st screening.
Ticket price: 18.00.

The Festival's office reserves the right to change the screening programme.
For additions and changes please follow the weekly advertisements.
The Festival Programme can be obtained in the office and at the box office.

ELZVALTZ

The Israel Film Archive/Jerusalem Cinematheque, P.O.B. 4455, Hebron Road, Wolfson Gardens, Jerusalem, Tel. 02-712182

WEEK 1 (27.5-2.6)

Sun 27.5
Hall 1
20.00 Le Bal — Opening (by invitation only)
24.00 Le Bal
Mon 28.5
Hall 1
18.00 Sunday, Bloody Sunday
18.00 Laughing Star
20.00 The Ultimate Solution of Grace Quigly
22.00 A Labour of Love
Hall 2
19.00 Intruder in the Dust
21.00 Sunday, Bloody Sunday

Tues 29.5

Hall 1
18.00 Atomic Cafe
18.00 Ascendancy
20.00 Burning Land
22.00 One and One
24.00 Liquid Sky
Hall 2
17.00 Billy Liar
19.00 The Long Hot Summer
21.00 Jerusalem
22.30 Against Wind and Tide

Wed 30.5

Hall 1
10.00-18.30 Films on Sculpture
18.00 Tokyo Story
18.30 The Girl with the Red Hair
20.30 Red Shadow
22.15 In Search of Famine
Hall 2
17.00 Who Shall Live Who Shall Die
19.00 The Sound and the Fury
21.00 Secrets

Thurs 31.5

Hall 1
17.00 The Tribe
18.00 The Hard
20.15 Green
22.00 And the Ship Sails
24.15 Ladies on the Rocks
Hall 2
17.00 Billy Liar
19.00 The Land of the Pharaohs
21.00 A Sense of Loss

Fri 1.6

Hall 1
14.00 Ladies on the Rocks
18.00 The Return of the Sepacucus
Hall 2
14.30 Angel

Sat 2.6

Hall 1
20.00 An Englishman Abroad
In the presence of John Schlesinger
22.00 To Our Lovers
24.00 And the Ship Sails
Hall 2
20.30 Giro City
22.30 La Coup de Sangre

WEEK 2 (3.6-9.6)

Sun 3.6
Hall 1
18.00 Anou Barou
18.00 Late Spring
20.00 Tales from the Vienna Woods
22.00 Jacques Brel
24.00 Work for Sale
Hall 2
17.00 Brussels by Night
19.00-24.00 Memory of Justice
Mon 4.6
Hall 1
14.00-20.00 New Israeli Short films
20.00 Antonieta
22.00 The Traces
Hall 2
17.30 Memory of the Camps
19.00-24.00 Orestes

Tues 5.6

Hall 1
14.00 Sally and Freedom
18.00 Peppermint Peace — In the presence of Marianne Rosenbaum
Hall 2
15.00 The Accidental Death of an Anarchist

Wed 6.6

Hall 1
20.00 Can She Bake a Cherry Pie
22.00 Benvenuta — In the presence of Andre Delvaux
24.00 Koyanisceta
Hall 2
20.30 Pablo Picasso
22.30 Giro City

Thurs 7.6

Hall 1
10.00-14.00 Animation From Eastern Europe
18.00 Routes of Exile
18.00 The Horse
20.00 Embark
22.15 Rue Barbare
Hall 2
17.00 Canadian Animation from the NFB
19.00 Pebbles
21.00 Angel

Fri 8.6

Hall 1
14.00 Rue Cases Negres
18.00 To Woody Allen From Europe with Love
Hall 2
08.00-14.00 Orestes
14.30 Secrets

Sat 9.6

Hall 1
20.00 Koyanisceta
22.00 Can She Bake a Cherry Pie
Hall 2
20.00 The Accidental Death of an Anarchist

WEEK 3 (10.6-16.6)

Sun 10.6
Hall 1
18.00 Autumn Afternoon
18.15 A Blow to the Heart
20.00 Paradise Place
22.00 Guy de Maupassant
Hall 2
18.00 Pressure
19.00 Chantons Sous L'Occupation
21.00 Jailed by the British
Mon 11.6
Hall 1
10.00-15.00 Memory of Justice
18.00 Sealing Red
18.00 Pasazerk
20.00 La Traviata
22.00 La Traviata
Hall 2
17.00 Brooklyn Bridge
17.30 The Story of Chaim Rumkowski and the Jews of Lodz
18.00 Red Monarch
21.00 Drifters

Tues 12.6

Hall 1
15.30 The King and the Mockingbird
17.00 Sweet Bunch
20.00 On a Clear Day you see Damascus
22.00 In the White City
Hall 2
19.00 Sarah
21.00 Sarah

Wed 13.6

Hall 1
18.00 Return to Vienna
18.00 Closed Circuit
20.00 Children on the Steps
22.00 What are we Waiting for to be Happy
Hall 2
19.00 Red Monarch
21.00 Before the Nickelodeon

Thurs 14.6

Hall 1
18.00 Bozzetto & Manuli Animation
18.00 An Evening with Lillian Gish
22.00 Night Soldier
24.00 Hecate
Hall 2
17.00 Jasmine of the Veranda
18.00 Stories of Ellis Island
19.00 Flexfield
21.00 Torment

Fri 15.6

Hall 1
14.00 Forbidden under 13
Sat 16.6
Hall 1
20.00 The Death of Mario Ricci
22.00 The Beehive
Hall 2
20.30 The Hustlers
22.30 The Hustlers

Sun 17.6

Hall 1
20.00 Closing
In the presence of Warren Beatty
Film will be announced



On the cover: Scene from the Lindsay Kemp Company's Midsummer Night's Dream (Israel Festival, Jerusalem).

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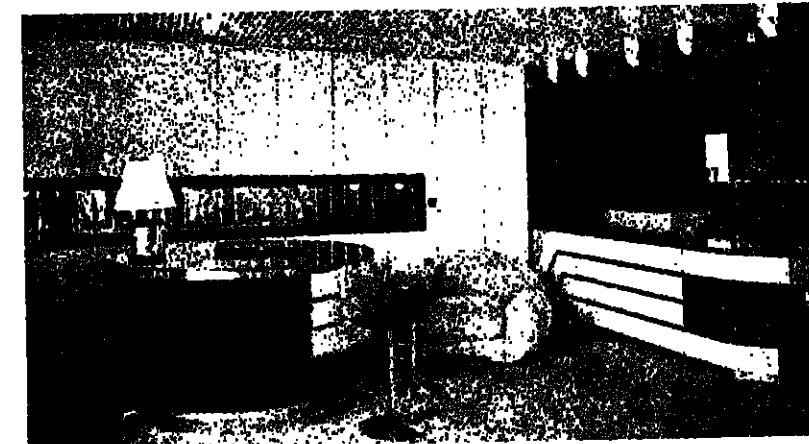
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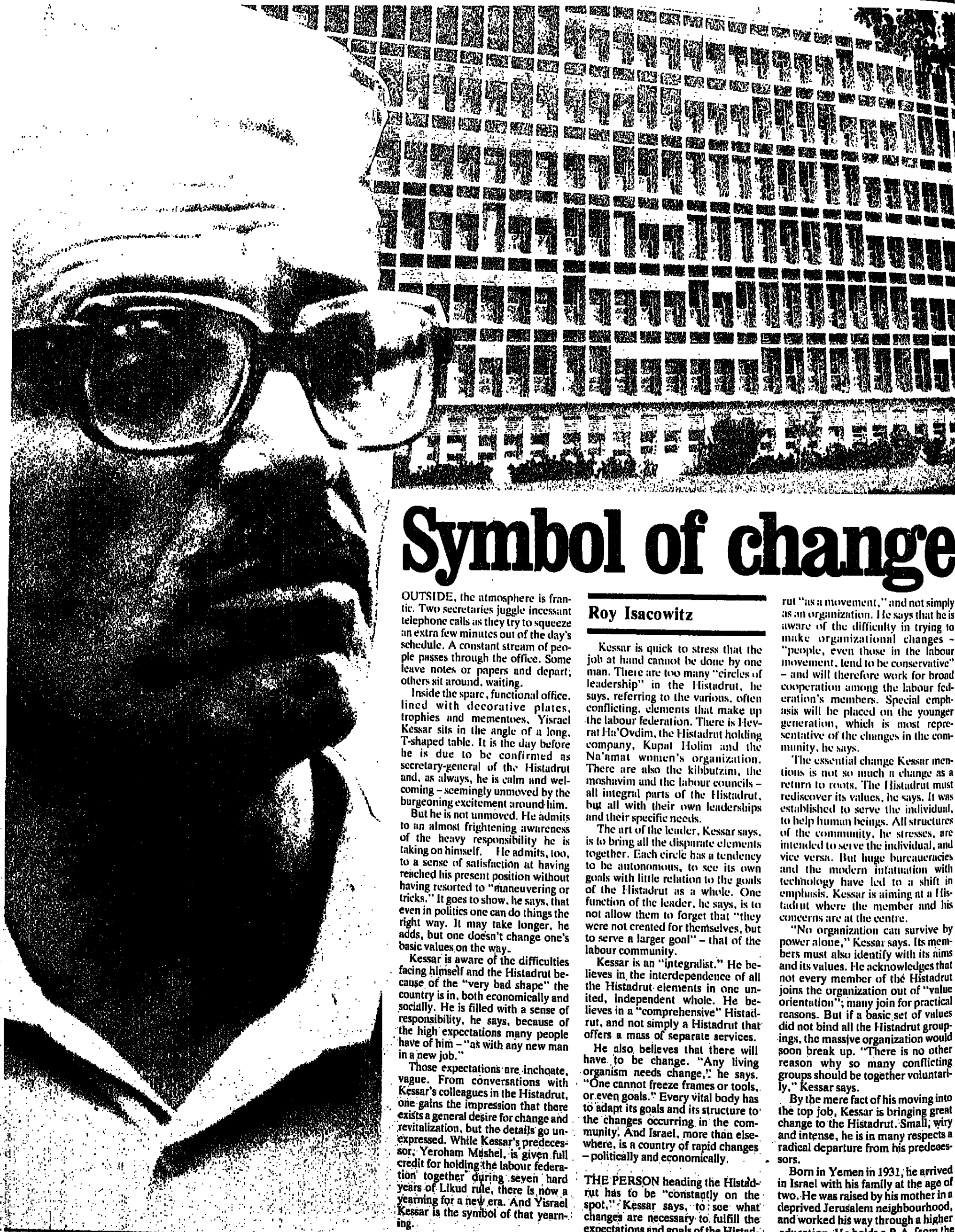
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Symbol of change

OUTSIDE, the atmosphere is frantic. Two secretaries juggle incessant telephone calls as they try to squeeze an extra few minutes out of the day's schedule. A constant stream of people passes through the office. Some leave notes or papers and depart; others sit around, waiting.

Inside the spare, functional office, lined with decorative plates, trophies and mementoes, Yisrael Kessar sits in the angle of a long, T-shaped table. It is the day before he is due to be confirmed as secretary-general of the Histadrut and, as always, he is calm and welcoming—seemingly unmoved by the burgeoning excitement around him.

But he is not unmoved. He admits to an almost frightening awareness of the heavy responsibility he is taking on himself. He admits, too, to a sense of satisfaction at having reached his present position without having resorted to "maneuvering or tricks." It goes to show, he says, that even in politics one can do things the right way. It may take longer, he adds, but one doesn't change one's basic values on the way.

Kessar is aware of the difficulties facing himself and the Histadrut because of the "very bad shape" the country is in, both economically and socially. He is filled with a sense of responsibility, he says, because of the high expectations many people have of him—"as with any new man in a new job."

Those expectations are inchoate, vague. From conversations with Kessar's colleagues in the Histadrut, one gains the impression that there exists a general desire for change and revitalization, but the details go unexpressed. While Kessar's predecessor, Yeroham Meshel, is given full credit for holding the labour federation together during seven hard years of Likud rule, there is now a yearning for a new era. And Yisrael Kessar is the symbol of that yearning.

Roy Isacowitz

Kessar is quick to stress that the job at hand cannot be done by one man. There are too many "circles of leadership" in the Histadrut, he says, referring to the various, often conflicting, elements that make up the labour federation. There is Hevrat Ha'Ovdim, the Histadrut holding company, Kupat Holim and the Na'amat women's organization. There are also the kibbutzim, the moshavim and the labour councils—all integral parts of the Histadrut, but all with their own leaderships and their specific needs.

The art of the leader, Kessar says, is to bring all the disparate elements together. Each circle has a tendency to be autonomous, to see its own goals with little relation to the goals of the Histadrut as a whole. One function of the leader, he says, is to not allow them to forget that "they were not created for themselves, but to serve a larger goal"—that of the labour community.

Kessar is an "integrator." He believes in the interdependence of all the Histadrut elements in one united, independent whole. He believes in a "comprehensive" Histadrut, and not simply a Histadrut that offers a mass of separate services.

He also believes that there will have to be change. "Any living organism needs change," he says. "One cannot freeze frames or tools, or even goals." Every vital body has to adapt its goals and its structure to the changes occurring in the community. And Israel, more than elsewhere, is a country of rapid changes—politically and economically.

THE PERSON heading the Histadrut has to be "constantly on the spot," Kessar says, to see what changes are necessary to fulfill the expectations and goals of the Histadrut.

as a movement," and not simply as an organization. He says that he is aware of the difficulty in trying to make organizational changes—"people, even those in the labour movement, tend to be conservative"—and will therefore work for broad cooperation among the labour federation's members. Special emphasis will be placed on the younger generation, which is most representative of the changes in the community, he says.

The essential change Kessar mentions is not so much a change as a return to roots. The Histadrut must rediscover its values, he says. It was established to serve the individual, to help human beings. All structures of the community, he stresses, are intended to serve the individual, and vice versa. But huge bureaucracies and the modern infatuation with technology have led to a shift in emphasis. Kessar is aiming at a Histadrut where the member and his concerns are at the centre.

"No organization can survive by power alone," Kessar says. Its members must also identify with its aims and its values. He acknowledges that not every member of the Histadrut joins the organization out of "value orientation"; many join for practical reasons. But if a basic set of values did not bind all the Histadrut groupings, the massive organization would soon break up. "There is no other reason why so many conflicting groups should be together voluntarily," Kessar says.

By the mere fact of his moving into the top job, Kessar is bringing great change to the Histadrut. Small, witty and intense, he is in many respects a radical departure from his predecessors.

Born in Yemen in 1931, he arrived in Israel with his family at the age of two. He was raised by his mother in a deprived Jerusalem neighbourhood, and worked his way through a higher education. He holds a B.A. from the

Hebrew University and an M.A. in labour studies from Tel Aviv.

He was a member of moshav Geulim before the War of Independence, worked with youth and immigrants in Jerusalem, and served a stint as director of the Labour Ministry's Vocational Guidance and Rehabilitation Division in the 1960s.

Despite his relatively tender 53 years, Kessar is a Histadrut veteran. He started working for the labour federation while still a student and has been a member of its central committee since 1966. He has served as chairman of the Youth and Sports Department, the Manpower Department and, most recently, chairman of the Trade Union Department and deputy secretary-general.

He is also a member of the Labour Party's central committee and political bureau, and his nomination to the post of Histadrut secretary-general comes in a "package deal" with a "realistic place" on the Labour list for the next Knesset. Kessar promises to be a spokesman in the Knesset for the Histadrut and the workers. He will speak out on foreign policy and defence matters when necessary, he says, but does not regard them as his fields of expertise. "Everyone should speak about only those things they know," he says. "I feel I have both feet on the ground only as regards economic matters."

Genuinely modest and self-deprecating, Kessar avoids speaking about himself and is inscrutable when it comes to his virtues. He acknowledges his popularity—expressed as "people look at me differently"—and concedes that this could benefit the Histadrut.

One of the reasons for the "different" public attitude is probably his

Yemenite origins, he says. If, through him, people find added value in the Histadrut he will regard it as success.

Kessar's colleagues are more forthcoming about his virtues—and that in an organization where professional jealousy is not unknown. He appears to be universally liked and respected, both for his personal warmth and for his dedication to the workers' cause. His identification with workers is real, natural and true, says one of his central committee colleagues. "It is not just clichés." Another likens him to Poland's Lech Walesa, blossoming from among the ranks of the workers.

THE GENERAL consensus is that Kessar has the potential to be a true leader: a Ben-Gurion. But inherent in the high expectations is the possibility of deep disappointment. A true leader must not only have the vision; he must have the will to implement it.

Kessar is untested as secretary-general. He is like a sprinter who peaks at precisely the right moment of his training. For seven years he has lived and operated in Meshel's shadow. Only recently, when it became clear that Meshel's resignation was imminent, did he begin to come into his own. Now it is up to him.

Kessar's first test will come with the Knesset elections. If the Likud is returned to power, he will have to reconcile himself to years in exile, confronting an essentially unfriendly Big Brother. For the past seven years, he says, the Histadrut and the Likud have disagreed over the Histadrut's basic role, with the government attempting to limit the labour federation's influence with the workers.



Kessar's predecessors: Yeroham Meshel (above) and Yitzhak Ben-Aharon.



It is to Meshel's credit that the Histadrut survived the period as well as it did.

But if Labour takes over the government, the challenge for Kessar could be even greater. Given the Likud's legacy of economic stagnation and social disarray, the labour movement, with the best will in the world, will find it difficult to live

up to expectations and provide painless solutions. And Kessar, as the prime and most popular symbol of change, could bear the brunt of the resulting disappointment.

He is under no illusions that there will be differences between a Labour government and the Histadrut. "It may well be that by nature we will have to quarrel about details," he says. But, he emphasises, the basic philosophy is not in question; the role of the Histadrut is not challenged.

The Labour Party, like the Histadrut, is adamantly opposed to cutting workers' wages as a means of economic rehabilitation. Both the party, in its economic platform, and the Histadrut, have as an article of faith the need to maintain the real value of wages and to fight cheap labour.

Wages and labour are the stuff of Kessar's soul. There cannot be a healthy Israel without a healthy Histadrut, he believes. — and the Histadrut stands for the rights and dignity of the worker. Kessar will fight for a minimum wage of half the national average wage and for adequate and speedy compensation for erosion due to inflation. He will fight to ensure the rightful and dignified role of the worker in the technological age.

The value of work is no longer appreciated, he says. Today, because of subjective and objective circumstances, we prefer to put the emphasis on capital, and not work. "In my opinion, more and more people are coming to realize that if we don't return the value of work, it will be impossible to rehabilitate the economy and the society."

Kessar tells how in the early days of the state, the days of mass immigration, a large labour force was

seeking capital and investment to create jobs. Today, he says, capital is seeking a sophisticated labour force. But it won't find the labour, he warns, by degrading the workers and cutting salaries.

"On the contrary, salaries must be raised, along with increased productivity, improved management methods, and an improved taxation system to encourage work and exports."

Though a confirmed socialist, Kessar is opposed to overdependence on the welfare state. The welfare system has not succeeded in closing the social gap, he says. In fact, the gap has widened. The worker has a right to work and income, without being dependent on subsidy from outside the community.

Today, the Histadrut should serve as "the spinal column of the state," Kessar believes. The Histadrut will help to ease the crisis of confidence in the country by cooperating with all the necessary "constructive elements" to restore the confidence of the country's workers. The aim, he says, must be to raise productivity after the stagnation of recent years.

But, he warns, there must be mutual interest in improvement. "It must be done without tricks, such as dollarization and the stock exchange. The most important thing is that the country work better, thus producing a bigger pie."

Yisrael Kessar is taking over the reins of the Histadrut at a crucial juncture. The desire for change is palpable in the country, and he stands a good chance of being in the vanguard of a resurgent labour administration. More than all the old pros and cons in the labour movement, Kessar is the popular symbol of revitalization. □

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"SHOULD we in Gush Emunim go through a profound process of soul-searching, a *heshbon nefesh*, as a result of the arrest of several of our leading members in connection with the revelations concerning the anti-Arab Jewish underground?" Shifra Blass mused.

The self-questioning came at the end of an interview in Shifra's home in the Gush settlement of Ophra, several of whose members are among the suspects rounded up for questioning by the Shabak, the General Security Services.

Shifra is the American born spokeswoman for the Yesha Council. Yesha is an acronym formed from Yehuda, Shomron and Aza, and it means "salvation." The council incorporates over 80 Jewish settlements in these territories.

"If there's any need for a *heshbon nefesh*," she continued, "it's not on ideology. There's nothing in the least reprehensible about the ideology that crystallized around the group of Yeshivat Harav rabbinical students who were the nucleus of Gush Emunim. If there's any room for soul-searching it's at a more superficial, prosaic level."

"We must ask ourselves, 'How could there have been people in our midst who were busy doing such things without our knowing about it?' For the fact is that this has all come as a surprise and a profound shock to nearly all of us."

"Secondly, we must ask ourselves how a group such as ours, which from the outset was based on an ideology of morality and ethics, could have permitted such an extreme deviation from that morality, and could have been so wrong in enabling proponents of such deviations to reach top leadership positions?"

The interview was held on Monday, the day it was announced that Rabbi Moshe Levinger, one of the foremost leaders of the Gush, had been arrested after several days of questioning. The news of Levinger's arrest was even more of a shock than that of the rounding up of the original group of suspects a fortnight earlier.

"I'm still overwhelmed by the news about Rabbi Levinger. I have no idea what he's being charged with, and no one of course has any way of knowing if any of the suspects are guilty of what they will be charged with," Shifra added.

"Maybe I shouldn't have said what I did about leadership positions. Maybe I should even ask for Rabbi Levinger's forgiveness? It has all come as a real shock."

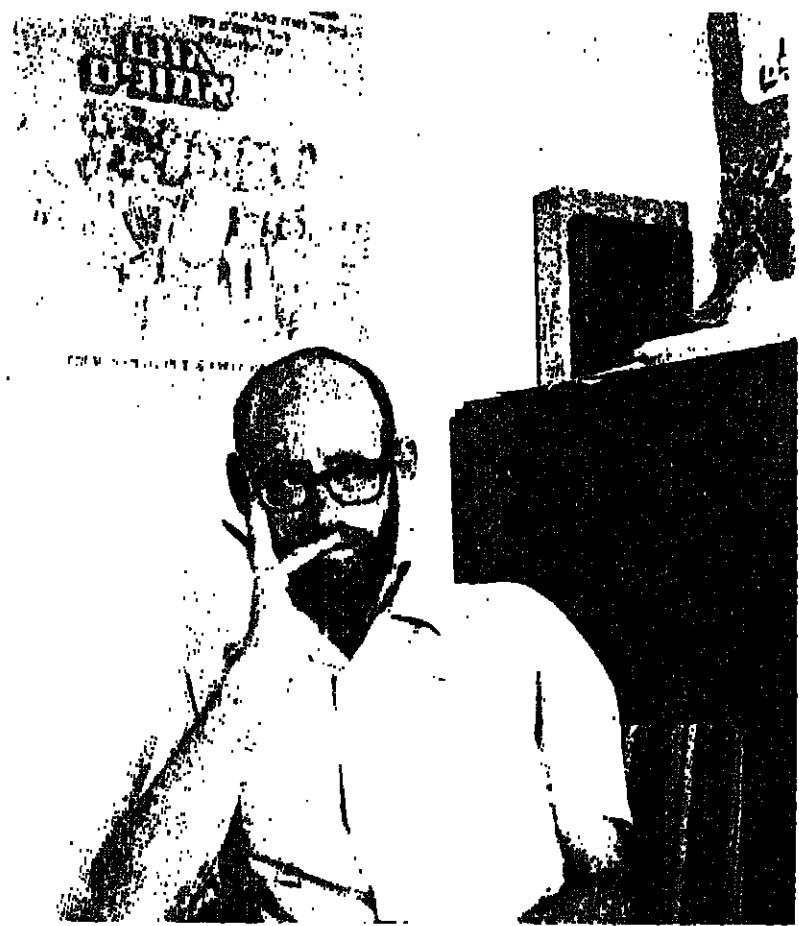
SHIFRA, WHO WAS born in La-Crosse, Wisconsin, and grew up in another small town, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where her rabbi father was the only Orthodox Jew, seems to be a perfect choice for spokesperson.

She majored in English at Barnard College, from which she graduated before coming on aliya in the early '70s, and she is soft spoken, articulate and obviously sincere about such issues as civil rights and attitudes towards the Arabs. These qualities contradict the diabolical image the international press has of the Gush and its settlers.

But the views Shifra articulates so well do not represent the views of all, or perhaps even most, of the Gush members and other settlers in the Yesha settlements. The exposure of the Jewish terrorist underground and the roundup of over 20 of its members set off a frenetic series of internal debates among them. And there seems to be some uncertainty as to who among Gush leaders is in favour of what.

What is the official position that

The Gush line



Shifra is in charge of propagating?

"The position of Yesha is that if the crimes for which the people were rounded up are proven to be true, we denounce categorically the plans and the attempts to carry them out. We do not feel responsible for providing legal aid for the planners of mass murder."

"The declared position of Gush Emunim is somewhat different," she explained. "That position is predicated on the belief that everyone is entitled to a legal defence. Practically speaking, none of us could raise the money needed to pay for the lawyers of the calibre needed for such a defence. Without such lawyers there is a good chance that the accused could be railroaded."

Yosef Goell

"There are dissenting voices, even from these two different positions," she added. "One argues, in regard to the attack four years ago on the three Arab mayors, that the victims involved were not 'innocent'."

"These people say that the Shabak had asked for the deportation of the pro-PLO mayors as fomenters of the agitated atmosphere in the territories that had led to stepped up stone-throwing attacks on the settlers and on buses carrying children to and from school."

"As a body," Shifra said of the Yesha Council, "we do not accept Rabbi Levinger's rationalizations for the various underground activities."

AT THE END of one of the marathon Gush Emunim meetings which was held this week at Yad Shapir, what Shifra described as "a dissenting voice" became the motion that was backed by a majority.

The proposal by Elion Mordechai Gush firebrand Benny Katzev, a long-time ally of Rabbi Levinger's, pointedly emphasized the difference between "innocent Arabs" and the mayors who were the victims of the bomb attack.

The resolution also reiterated Levinger's thesis that the government's failure to take harsh actions

against the Arabs undermined security in the territories and was a contributory factor to "individuals" taking the law into their own hands."

The Gush majority also decided to extend all necessary aid to the families of the 36 persons arrested and to pay for their legal counsel.

The resolution was opposed by a vociferous minority, mostly from the pre-Gush Emunim Etzion Bloc settlements.

BLASS RECALLED that the security situation took a turn for the worse four years ago. "As a mother of children, I wrote a personal letter to the prime minister, Menachem Begin, and all I got back was a standard reply from his secretary, Yehiel Kadishai."

There was growing trepidation among the settlers for their very lives, and the safety of their children. But there's a world of difference between such understandable fear and the determination to take revenge for every Arab stone-throwing incident.

"Look at the numbers. There are thousands of us in the settlements, and nearly all of the men, because we are Gush Emunim, not only are not draft evaders but have served in elite and other fighting units of the armed forces. Had the entire movement decided on a course of clandestine armed action against Arabs, thousands would have been capable of such activity. But the fact of the matter is that only 20 or so have been detained on suspicion of such activities."

"It is fully justified to speak of a very small fringe subsuming to such temptations. The majority did not succumb, did not condone such acts, and did not even know of them."

It's a reasonable argument. But it is also reasonable to believe that the majority did not know because they did not want to know what they may have suspected. Surely the attack on the Arab mayors, the massacre of students at the Islamic College in Hebron, and the series of less extreme acts should have aroused such suspicions.

But there seems to be a pattern in

such extreme true-believer movements like Gush Emunim.

The ruling messianic philosophy of the Gush is derived from the Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi of Mandatory Palestine, Rabbi Avraham Yitzhak Kook, as interpreted by his son Rabbi Zvi Yehuda Kook, who until his death recently was the head of Yeshivat Harav in Jerusalem.

Rabbi Avraham Kook was so unusual an Ashkenazi rabbi as to have seen in the atheistic, left-wing pioneers of the '20s and '30s holy harbingers of the messiah, representatives of the *athalia degeula* (the beginning of the redemption). His position, which made him anathema in the eyes of most other ultra-Orthodox rabbis, provided the ideological basis for the 40-year political partnership between the Orthodox Zionists of Poalei Mizrahi (later the National Religious Party) and Mapai (the precursor of today's Labour Party).

Gush Emunim was an outgrowth of the Bnei Akiva youth movement in which many of the sons and daughters of that older generation had been raised. For them the outcome of the Six Day War and the takeover of the ancestral territories of Judea and Samaria were nothing short of miraculous.

In an interview several years ago, the then spokeswoman of the Gush, Daniella Weiss of Kedumim, told me: "For us there was no question but that the liberation of those ancestral territories of the Jewish people was an act of God, the Finger of the Almighty at work. It would be sinful, not politically mistaken, or a security slip, but positively sinful, for us to have permitted the undoing of such a divine act."

Who, however, can control messianic ardour once unleashed? A good part of Gush Emunim's zeal and energies went into settlement activities; one part supported the elitist view that the various benighted governments of Israel were to be circumvented, and at times treated as a hostile force.

Rabbi Moshe Levinger was from the outset identified with this latter approach, while at the same time being in the forefront of settlement activity.

In the late '60s and early '70s, he was the moving force in the establishment of Kiryat Arba, on the outskirts of Hebron. For this purpose he exploited the personal tensions between then minister of defence Moshe Dayan and his main rival for Labour Party leadership, the late Yigal Allon. Allon became the patron of Kiryat Arba.

SEVERAL YEARS later the Gush settlers of Ophra similarly exploited the rivalry between Labour prime minister Yitzhak Rabin and defence minister Shimon Peres to get the former to support their new settlement at Ophra, while the latter became the patron of Kadum-Kedumim.

Sophisticated exploitation of party infighting "progressed" to actual confrontation, at times even physical confrontation, with the government and the army. In 1980, elements in the Gush which were in the forefront of attempts to push settlements into the very heartland of the Arab population set up a settlement at Rujeib, near Nablus. Arab appeals to the High Court that some of the lands at Rujeib were illegally confiscated were accepted, and the court ordered the settlement to be removed.

Premier Begin dithered for some time before he agreed to execute the court order; some Gush hotheads urged physical resistance to any army unit that would dare to remove them.

Earlier, Rabbi Levinger had established a *beit avodah* by sending in Gush women and children, including his wife and 11 children, to occupy Beit Hadassah in Hebron, as a sign of the determination to renew Jewish settlement in the centre of that town. This attempt was declared illegal by Begin, but nothing was done to remove the Gush squatters.

Gush penetration into Hebron has since extended to other buildings which were originally owned by members of the Jewish community who had been massacred by the Arabs of the town in 1929. (The motif of vengeance for the massacre was not absent from Levinger's justification for the spread of settlement in the heart of Arab Hebron.)

More recently Levinger was the moving spirit in persuading the government, which is on the verge of bankruptcy, to announce grandiose plans for the takeover and reconstruction of the Arab shuk of Hebron, which was torched by Gush vigilantes in retaliation for the murder of Yeshiva student Aharon Gross a year ago. That killing was also the trigger for the massacre of Arab students at the nearby Islamic College.

The extremists in the Gush constantly cultivated an atmosphere of being the only true patriots in an Israel where the government (even a Likud government, with its heart in the right place ideologically) could not be trusted to look to the country's best interests.

THE MEMBERSHIP in the different camps among the settlers and the Gush is fluid. Former Tehiya MK Hanan Porat, who was among the leaders of the Gush partisans who sought to prevent the IDF from evacuating Yamit in April 1983, is today opposed to the Levinger extremism. But only a few weeks ago, in the morass that is religious party politics, Porat suggested that Levinger head a United Zionist-religious list as a "spiritual authority not sullied by the dirty politics of the NRP."

Are the settlers and Gush leaders preparing for possible lean years if a Labour government is ushered in after the July 23 elections?

Labour leader Shimon Peres has already said that a Labour-led government would not dismantle a single settlement. Shifra Blass takes his words at face value and believes that at worst there will be a slow-down in settlement but not a total halt.

"There are quite a few of us who believe that in the crunch Labour's traditional warm regard for pioneering settlement will override all other considerations. In this respect it is true that the Likud, which is ideologically closer to us, has never had the strong emotions for settlement and for the land that Labour has."

What will this mean in terms of the electoral behaviour of a community like Ophra?

"In 1981, 50 per cent of the voters here voted Tehiya. But that was because the issue of stopping the evacuation of Sinai was so paramount in our lives. The other 50 per cent split between the Likud and the NRP. One even voted Agudat Yisrael."

"This time I believe that about half will vote Likud. More settlers are becoming pragmatic in their assessments and believe that the real political confrontation is between the two major parties. The other half this time will split between Tehiya and the NRP."

"There are even those who speak seriously of changing the NRP from within: to something much more to our liking. *Ashrei hama'amin*. May the believer be happy in his belief."

A SOLID 40,000 hours of work by one man, at the rate of 80 hours a week over the past 10 years, has produced 10 volumes of an original encyclopedia of Jewish sages through the ages, entitled *Atlas Etz Hayim*.

The chronicler who has personally researched, written and proof-read every word of these first 10 of a planned 18 volumes, and who has himself drawn the most intricate charts "turning history into geography at a glance," is none other than Rabbi Rafael Halperin, whose earlier fame was in places vastly different from a yeshiva desk in Bnei Brak.

Rafael Halperin was the Tel Aviv mighty man of the 1950s, '60s and early '70s who, like Mohammed Ali, would miss no opportunity to proclaim, "I'm the greatest!"

No doubt Halperin would prefer to be compared to Samson - his eldest son is named Shimshon - for "The Wrestling Rabbi" claims never to have been defeated in 134 fights in many parts of the world.

"I was top billed eight times at Madison Square Garden and it was filled every time. I carried the flag of Israel and the flag of orthodox Jewry, and all Jews who saw me there were proud of me," Halperin recalls.

Yet Israel's official sports bodies gave him the cold shoulder. Probably because he was in professional wrestling, which today, too, is looked upon more as entertainment than sport. Or maybe because he was somehow larger than life. Which he still is today.

If Houdini could amaze the crowds with his escape act, Halperin could do the same with his enormous strength - with one precise karate chop he would smash a pile of building blocks.

Two things, he was never short of were ambition and a taste for variety. Restaurateur, entrepreneur, wrestler, body builder and would-be politician - he was all those things and several more.

No wonder people ask which was the real Rafael Halperin. He himself has no doubts at all.

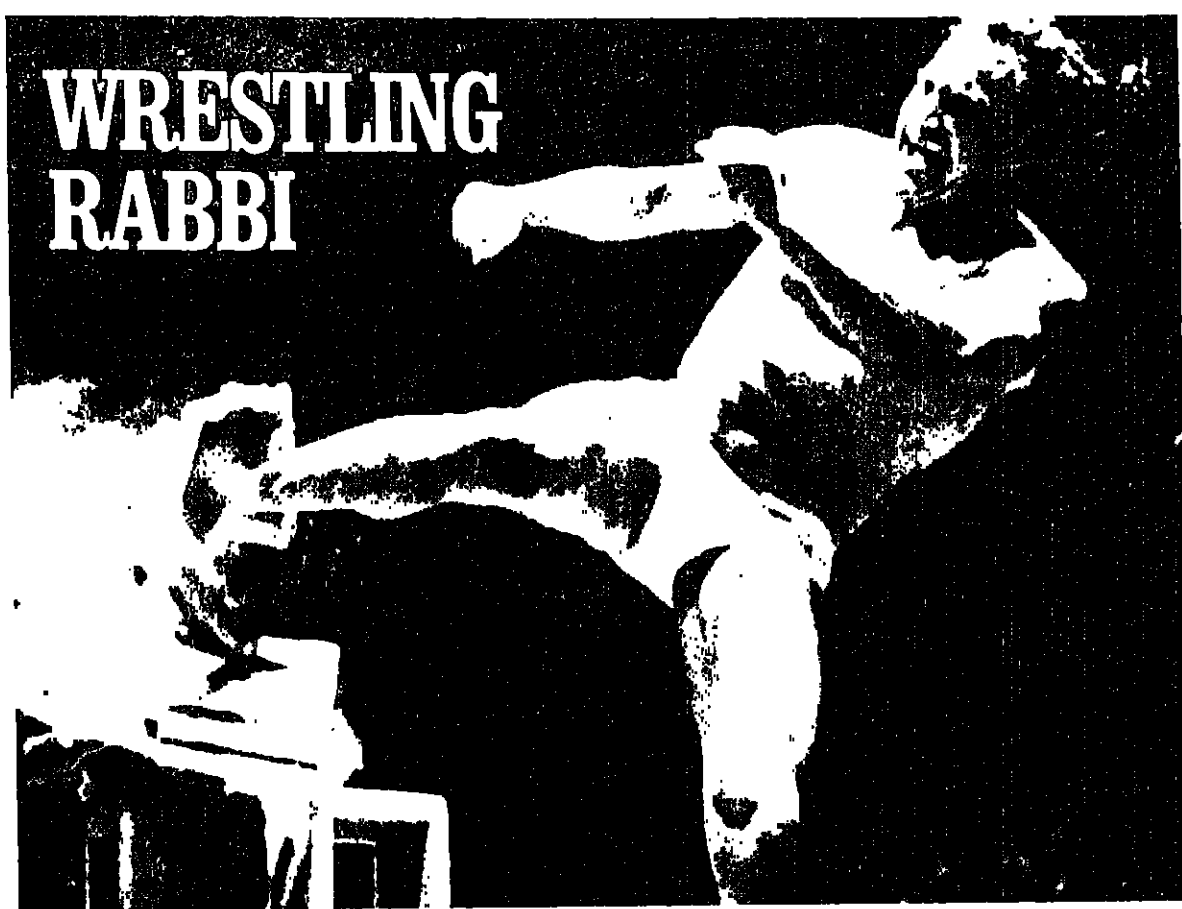
"For 30 years all my other activities prepared me for my true vocation, the work I am doing now. Thanks to my training in physical and mental coordination, concentration, balance, power and will-power, I can sit 12 hours studying non-stop without having to rise even once."

FOR HALPERIN of the many Odysseys, the circle has been completed. He was born in Vienna in 1928, the youngest of nine children. In Austria, his father was a publisher, producing the equivalent of the Golden Pages.

"Early on, my father saw clearly the dangers to the Jews of the rise of Nazism, and in 1933 we packed our bags for Palestine. We set up home in Rothschild Boulevard, the far end of Tel Aviv at that time."

Later, he studied for six years at the Hebron Yeshiva, from which he received a rabbi's diploma. He was a frail young man until one day he leaped through a health magazine that showed how one could develop muscles. He was hooked, and was soon spending many hours a day in gymnasiums, training at weightlifting, acrobatics and Ju-Jitsu. In 1949, when he was only 21 years old, he opened his first "Machon Shimshon" in Ben Yehuda Street in Tel Aviv. In the next two years he added body-building institutes by the same name in Haifa and Jerusalem.

"I realized that I had a future in wrestling in the United States," he says. "I had developed previously unseen tactics and holds and I was as fast as lightning. I worked on new



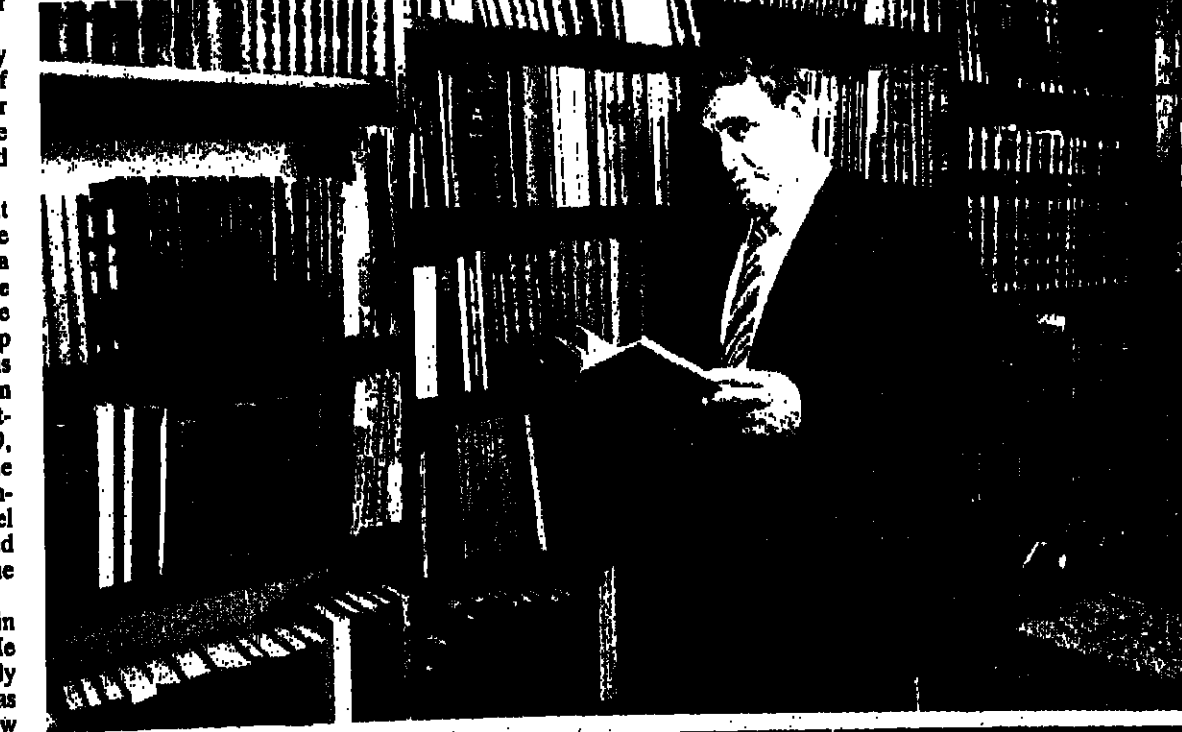
angles on how to attack opponents."

He always came to the ringside wearing a skullcap and he read psalms before every bout. "I was the Wrestling Rabbi and the American Jews would follow my fights on coast-to-coast television."

Jews also crowded the arenas to give him their support. On one occasion, when a hefty opponent appeared to have him pinned underneath him, a woman from the audience rushed to the ringside shouting, "Gewalt! Gewalt! A Jew is being killed!"

AT HIS HOME in Tel Aviv, where the bookshelves are crammed with volumes of the Tora, Talmud, Mishna, learned commentators and Jewish history, there are walls with blow-ups of Halperin the wrestler and photos inscribed by IDF units where he introduced soldiers to some of the secrets of his physical strength and instructed them in karate. His 104-kg. frame, still shows hard muscles and no flab at all, despite the sedentary life he has led for upwards of a decade.

As a world-champion wrestler, Halperin traversed the globe - the U.S., South Africa, Europe and the Far East - and as an observant Jew his diet on the road was milk, fruit and vegetables.



In 1968, he was invited to Addis Ababa to coach the Emperor Haile Selassie's bodyguard. Later, he trained select units of the Iranian army and police.

In Israel, meanwhile, Halperin's "Venus" slimming clinics followed his "Shimshon" institutes. He opened the "New York" eatery on Dizengoff, Tel Aviv's first self-service and take-away kosher restaurant. In 1967, he introduced

Paul Kohn

Israel's first fully automatic car-wash garage (near the Diamond Bourse in Ramat Gan) that could handle 800 vehicles a day. His ventures into politics were less happy, for he ran unsuccessfully for the Tel Aviv municipality 18 years ago and for the Knesset more recently.

THE TURNING-POINT in Halperin's life, from battling and business to books, came in 1973. On his way home from Japan he stopped off in New Delhi, where he visited an aged Buddhist monk. He was spellbound by the supreme serenity the man gained from his study and worship.

"I asked myself why I was not

doing the same," he said, on his return to Israel, he disposed of all his commercial interests and started to commute daily between his home to the Ohel Ya'acov Yeshiva in Bnei Brak, which had been founded by his father.

There, he began a study in depth of Rashi - Rabbi Shlomo Ben Yitzhak, the great 11th-century commentator on the Tora and Talmud. He recorded the names of the rabbis, families, friends, teachers and pupils with whom Rashi lived and studied in Troyes, Mayence, Speyer and Worms and researched each of them from birth to death. That research formed the nucleus of Rabbi Halperin's first volume on the Jewish sages, published in 1978 and covering the period 1040 CE, the year of Rashi's birth, to 1492, the year of the Spanish Expulsion.

Further volumes covered earlier periods back to 300 BCE, while others followed Jewish learning until World War I. Volume 10 covers the period 1850 to 1915 and in this volume alone 5,000 names are recorded. Every *admor* and his court, every rabbi, teacher, historian, legislator, poet, lecturer, commentator and anyone who gained a following is traced from his birth, through his studies, travels, and until his death. Their books, publications and other

"My greatest achievement is that the work has broken through all barriers of Jewry. After a most exhaustive analysis and inspection of my approach, it has been accepted into all yeshivas and every trend of Judaism, including the Natorai Kart."

He has files of letters of approval from a variety of persons, some from leading professors of Judaic studies, *admorim*, and yeshiva heads, professor Y. Tashma, an editor of the Hebrew Encyclopedia wrote: "There has never been a work like this in our literature..."

Rabbi Halperin is already well advanced with his remaining eight volumes, which when completed will go back to the earliest days in our history and up to the period of the Holocaust.

"Then I will make a stop. My next works, God willing, will be a treatise of Rashi, followed by the Rambam and the Ramban. I feel part of the lives of these sages. I know how they thought, their habits, their likes and dislikes, what they studied and how they behaved."

Catch-as-catch-can against "The Raging Bull of the Pampas" or "The Massachusetts Mauler" may not be entirely forgotten, but Rabbi Rafael Halperin's mind now is on how to grapple with the works of the great of Jewish learning.

IN A TINY corner of the Spanish city of Gerona, a few devoted people are struggling to restore an archaeological treasure that was a centre of Jewish life in medieval times.

Gerona, 60 miles north of Barcelona and half an hour from the Costa Brava, has one of the oldest, best preserved, but perhaps least-known Jewish quarters in Europe.

There, along narrow stone streets, buildings of flat brick and stone — with doorway niches where mezuza's were placed — have stood since between the 10th and 14th centuries, when the Jews of Gerona were prosperous artisans and businessmen.

The prize jewel of the treasure is the Isaac el Cec centre, which once boasted a synagogue, schools for women and men, a hospital and a ritual bath and where the great teacher, Isaac the Blind, taught Kabbala, the mystical Jewish philosophy that had its beginnings in Gerona 800 years ago.

There has been no Jewish life here for five centuries — there are only 12,000 Jews in all of Spain — but the man who discovered it is attempting to restore the Jewish "Call" (from the word *kahal*, community) is working to reopen the synagogue and locate there a school of Kabbala.

Jose Tarres, 52, a ruddy-faced, enthusiastic man with a pepper and salt moustache, at first glance seems an unlikely candidate for this project. A Catholic, he was the local government's artistic adviser, responsible for reconstruction and planning museums which are devoted largely to Catholic art.

But he says that, since childhood, he has been imbued with the mystery of the place. "In Paris, 21 years ago, people asked where I was from. I said Gerona, and they said, 'You are from the city of Kabbala.' Little by little I discovered the importance of Kabbala and the school of Gerona." He says he believes his own family, which for generations has included jewelers, doctors and priests, is descended from Jews forced to convert.

THE FIRST FINDS that excited him were tombstones discovered at the bottom of Montjuich (literally, Jewish Mountain, and known by this name since the 10th or 11th century) during digging for train tracks. The two dozen 13th- and 14th-century stones are considered the most important medieval Hebrew collection in Europe and are displayed in the cloisters of a 9th-century monastery and church turned into an archaeological museum.

"I knew of the importance of the place through my cousin, who is an organist in the cathedral, and through Dr. Jaime Marquez y Casanovas, official chronicler of Gerona and archivist of the cathedral," said Tarres. "We began to study the documents. Much of the direction came from tradition which told us where the Jewish quarter was. I proposed that we reconstruct the Call of Gerona."

But the officials of this city of 80,000 wouldn't give money to support the project. "They said I was crazy, that it only existed in books. I left my job and, with my wife and friends, began to work. We organized the Association of the Friends of Ancient Gerona, which includes local people and artists, to buy and restore houses. After that, we found the mikve and three doors with mezuza's."

"Twelve years ago, we found the street [of the Isaac el Cec centre] which had been closed and expropriated for 150 years. Through historians, we knew something was

Closed book

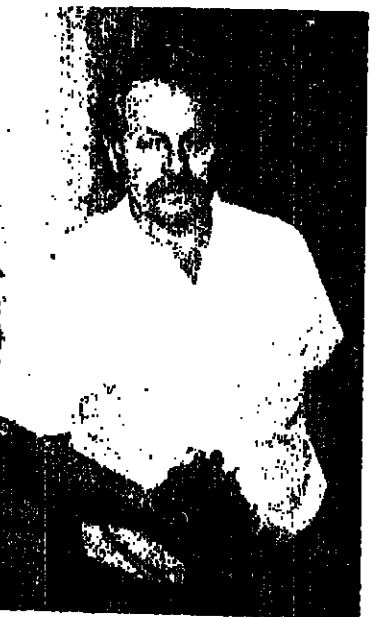
LUCY KOMISAR visits Gerona, the Spanish city where, according to one tradition, Kabbala had its beginnings 800 years ago.



(Above) Ruins of the Nahmanides home. (Below) Patio of the rabbis.



(Below) Jose Tarres.



there." They bought the house and worked three years to restore it, then opened the centre five years ago.

AS TARRES walks through the Call, he gives an outline of the history of the Jews of Gerona. The first documentation of their presence puts them there in the 9th century, but Tarres thinks they were already there in the 1st century, in Roman times. He notes that the

principal Roman road coincides with today's Carrer de la Força, the Call's main street.

In 890, a colony of 24 Jewish families from the agricultural town of San Pedro de Juidas were sold houses by the Count, Dela. Documents giving the names of the owners and records of sales were found in the cathedral archive.

Records also show that those families built a synagogue in the square of the present cathedral and set up a welfare society. They worked as artisans in furniture, metalwork, crystal and ceramics; they were money-lenders and merchants; and they organized the first street market in Gerona. They were educated, unlike most of the Christians except the clergy and some nobles. Many were rich.

They lived well from the 10th century to the 13th century, when some Gerona Jews were bailiffs of King Pedro III. Then, in the 14th century, the social, economic and political problems of the time closed in on them.

The peasantry had suffered economic dislocation and the ravages of the Black Plague. Jews, who worked as administrators and tax collectors for the feudal lords, were the ones who went with guards to foreclose on peasants' homes and land. They became scapegoats for the discontent. "It was a class struggle," says Tarres. Peasants even blamed the Jews for bringing the plague.

The pogrom of 1391 began at the Jewish Market of San Lorenzo. Some people, aware of imminent danger, wanted to close the market, but the merchants refused. They opened the gates to the Call, and the peasants launched an attack that lasted for nearly a week. The roofs of the houses were burned and the quarter was ransacked.

Many Jews saved their lives by taking refuge in the fortified Gironella Tower. After the pogrom, officials ordered them to convert to Catholicism. But a strong, influential woman named Tolrana refused. Authorities thought they could get around her by ordering only the men to convert. Tolrana announced that the women wouldn't live with converted men. She was beheaded. The Jews, many of them converted, returned and rebuilt the quarter. Legend has it that Tolrana's ghost appeared at the doors of the converts' homes and sang and cried, though she never accused them.

Tarres's wife, Pia, a French sculptor, cast Tolrana's head in bronze, and there are plans to display it in the tower where Tolrana was killed.

THE BOOK on the Jewish community was closed for 500 years with the cathedral archive's record of the sale of the Isaac el Cec centre in 1492, the year the Jews were expelled from Spain: "Catalina of Greek nationality sells to Guillermo Sager these houses called schools of the Jews and the hospital and the baths of the Jewish quarter, adjoining and united, situated in the city of Gerona inside said old Jewish quarter."

Today, the Call is still a quarter of narrow stone streets, arches, iron balconies, and electric lamps that create a medieval impression. There are scattered shops, and on the corner of the Roman road across from the cathedral is a 12th century house that now is a bar, but the sense of commerce does not intrude.

The boundaries of the Call are Carrer de la Força on the west, Carrer Clavaria on the east, the cathedral on the north and Antigua Plaza del Correo Viejo on the south.

A sign on Carrer de la Força directs visitors to the Isaac el Cec centre on the small Carrer de Sant

Llorenç. The building is of brick and stone, now covered with ivy.

The courtyard is the "patio of rabbis," the site of the synagogue where Isaac and his students studied and meditated. A lime tree is set in one corner. In the surrounding 10th century wall is a round niche that enclosed the table used for circumcision. Across the courtyard is the mikve.

Down the stairs there is a door Tarres says comes from the 6th- or 7th century Roman synagogue he believes is under the patio. The site of that first synagogue of Gerona is where one finds the new synagogue he has installed there, ending five centuries during which the city had no temple. Now it is used only occasionally, when there are conferences.

A plank in the basement leads across a site where excavation is still going on. Tarres says the relief on a huge stone is from the cult of Mitra.

Outside, looking over the far wall into a garden, he points to the patio of the Roman temple and also indicates where the hospital, the ritual slaughterhouse, the Talmudic school and the women's school were located.

Elsewhere in the Call are other finds of the Jewish epoch. We walk along the narrow, stepped street, Carrer Llorenç, down stone stairs into a private house owned by Rosa Maria Collslabayan. It is separated from the Isaac el Cec house by a terrace. This was the home of Nahmanides, who unified the Jewish legal code and was the most important Jew of medieval Gerona. He lived here until 1262, when he represented the Jews in a public debate on the merits of Judaism versus Christianity. He apparently did well in the debate, was expelled from Gerona and went to the Holy Land.

A stone doorway leads to an inner courtyard. I notice a hollow carved deep in the inside of the doorway where the mezuza was. At the bottom of the stairs is a well with a stone from an old door, with the same hollow for a mezuza. A date on the well says 1496, just after the expulsion. The house at this level is Romanesque.

NEARBY, Marcelino Laporta's house has been owned by his family since 1800. Part of the house was built in the 10th century. He proudly shows off the old stone arches and doors with hollows for mezuza's. The lower floor had to be dug out; Laporta said it had been buried by troops of Louis XIV in the 1700s.

Laporta, a pharmacist, is a robust, white-haired man who favours shirt sleeves and suspenders. "There is a fascination about living here," he says, sitting on chairs placed on the cold stone floor. "I would like to know all the transformations that occurred here. There are arches on the other side directly opposite my garden. That makes me think that a whole bottom floor was buried below the garden."

The old Roman road — the Via Augusta or Maxima through which the Romans penetrated the peninsula — was raised during various epochs, making experts believe that an excavation under the pavement and under the adjacent buildings would turn up important archaeological artifacts.

But Laporta fears that much of the hidden treasure will not be found. People don't want their homes and streets dug up. "Many things are covered up in the houses, so the government doesn't name it a national monument and take it away."

His home is not open to the general public, but people can request

private visits. What are open to the public are the Arab baths just outside the Roman gate of the Call. Probably built in the 12th century and reconstructed in the 13th, they acquired their name because of their North African style, but they were owned and run by Jews.

The baths are almost completely intact. A Star of David is still the grating over a circular window on the seven-foot dome that rises over slim columns. There is a frigidarium with an octagonal swimming pool, a tepidarium for warm baths, and two caldariums for steam baths, all separated by stone arches. There are the original stone platforms where bathers rested on carpets and pillows, places for fire, and niches for clothes, soap and perfume.

An unexpected place to visit for a glimpse of Jewish history is the cathedral. Jews were master silver and goldsmiths of the medieval period, and Tarres says they were the creators of much of the great precious art, particularly of the 13th and 14th centuries, now housed in the cathedral: processional crosses and reliquaries, and the great retablo of the cathedral, made of gold, silver, and painted blue enamel, carved and encrusted with jewels.

TARRES insists that the Jews of Gerona left not only the magical stone buildings he seeks to restore, but also a mystical spirit and consciousness. "Here the Kabbala was used to give the people the spirit and power to survive. The Kabbala connects with the universe." He wants not just archaeological restoration, but a recovery of that spirit as well. This summer, he first world symposium on Kabbala will be held at the Isaac el Cec centre, coordinated by Moshe Lazar of UCLA, who will also oversee the opening of a Kabbala school. Tarres hopes Jews in the region will use the synagogue for regular services.

None of these plans is carried out very easily without a government budget. At various times, the Isaac el Cec centre's lights have been cut off and the phone disconnected when Tarres couldn't pay the bills. He opened a restaurant on the ground floor to bring in some money. (He said the restaurant would be made kosher and run by Jews this year.) Diners listen to a combination of Sephardic music and jazz.

Upstairs is an art gallery and also the studio of Rosemarie Trostel, a red-headed German photographer in her 40s. "I came three years ago to have an exhibition, then realized that nobody abroad knew about this," she said. "It was a most important, mystical site. We all live in a period in which rationalism has dominated. We forget. The Kabbala gives power to live." In addition to photographing Jewish Cataluña, she makes pies for the restaurant.

The Foundation of Friends of the Call of Gerona has members in Los Angeles, New York and London raising funds to help reconstruct the Kabbala school.

Tarres is also seeking volunteers this summer to do from two weeks to three months of work on excavations in Gerona and the region, where other Jewish finds have been made. Anyone interested should write to Friends of the Call of Gerona, Archeology Sector, Isaac el Cec, Carrer de la Força 8-10, Call de Sant Llorenç, Gerona, Spain. The phone number is (972) 216-6761. Volunteers will be given free accommodation, but must pay their own travel costs.

Lucy Komisar is an American freelance journalist who writes about international affairs.

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

DEERSHEBA DUO — Sara Fuxon-Hayman — Bert Berman, piano. Works by Mozart, Weber, Ravel, Bizet (Tzavia, 38 King George, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

ORGAN AND HARPISCHORD RECITAL — Rudolph Heilmann (Berlin) and Martin Ludwig (Berlin). Works by Mozart, Liszt, Reger, Frey, and others. (Dominion Abbey, Mt. Zion, tomorrow through Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

ISRAEL FESTIVAL OPENING CONCERT — With the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, conductor: Rina National Choir, Chamber Choir of the Rubin Academy, Jerusalem; and soloists. Programme — Mordechai Seft: Sabbath Cantata; The Ten Plagues — World premiere. Text Nathan Alterman; Music Nachum Heiman. (Binyanei Ha'uma, tomorrow at 9.15 p.m.)

VOICE OF THE TURTLE (USA) — Instrumentalist-singers quartet performs traditional Spanish-Jewish songs in Ladino and Hebrew. (Israel Museum, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m., Thursday at 6 p.m.)

CELLO AND PIANO RECITAL — Shmuel Magen and David Dolan. (Rubin Academy, Beit Hillel, 4 Bullour, Sunday)

RUDIAKOV DUO — Shoshana Rudiakov,

piano; Michael Rudiakov, cello. Works by Barber, Schnittke, Coleridge Taylor, Rachmaninoff. (YMCA, Sunday)

THE ISRAEL BAROQUE PLAYERS — present La Folia, an evening of Spanish baroque music by Corelli, Vivaldi, Ponce. (Israel Museum, Monday)

JERUSALEM RECORDER ENSEMBLE — Baroque, Renaissance and 20th century music. (Tzavia, Monday)

GRAND PIANO CONCERT — From 1 to 160 fingers. 16 Israeli pianists play works by Czerny, Schubert, Rostropovich, Liszt, Stravinsky, Milhaud, Ron Weidberg. (Binyanei Ha'uma, Monday at 9 p.m.)

GUITAR RECITAL — Claudio Davian (Argentina). Works by Bach, Paganini, Piazzola, Walton, Yitzhak Albeniz. (Tzavia, Tuesday)

MUSIC-LISTENING CIRCLE — Semadar Carmi-Giberman on Beethoven's last quartets. (Tzavia, Wednesday)

YASUKASU SATO (Japan) — Percussion recital, own compositions. Japanese and western instruments. (YMCA, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

SCOTTISH EARLY MUSIC CONSORT (Scotland) — Musical director Warwick Edwards. "Monteverdi and his Contemporaries" (YMCA, Tuesday; "Songs of Love and War from Crusader Times" (Dominion Abbey, Mt. Zion, Wednesday, Thursday)

and 9.30 p.m., Sunday through Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE HOMECOMING — By Harold Pinter. Cameri Theatre production. A son returns home to introduce his wife. (Cameri, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

INTIMACY — By Sartre. Hasiniah production. About 2 women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

JURILEE — Khan production. A macabre play taking place in a Jewish cemetery in Germany in 1943. (Tzavia, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

LIES — Cameri production. About the friendship between two families. (Cameri, tomorrow through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

'NIGHT MYOTHER — Cameri production. A mother-daughter relationship. (Tzavia, Monday through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE PASSION (PRE-PARADISE SORRY NOW) — By Feschinger. A couple living in Manchester try to live by their Nazi doctrine. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

QUARTET FOR TWO — Selection of love excerpts from plays by Beckett, Pinter, Wilde and Wilde (in English). (Imperial Hotel, 66 Hayarkon, tonight at 10 p.m.)

BEAT-KITCHEN, BEAT-KITCHEN — Comedy with Dina Doron playing three entirely different women. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

CAVATIE E LENTICCHIS — Neapolitan comedy. Hasiniah production. (Hasiniah, Large Hall, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

DESIRE — Hasiniah production. A couple in 1948 set out on an English social comedy. (Hasiniah, Small Hall, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

"DOS REDI. GOES ROUND AND ROUND" — By Shalom Aleichem (in Yiddish). (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

EXISTENCE AND ENTERTAINMENT — Satirical cabaret. Lyrics by Yonathan Gefen, music by Shlomo Gronich. (Holon, Yad Lebnaim, tonight at 10 p.m.; Rehovot, Mofet, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.; Beit Lessin, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

RAMLEY — by Shakespeare. Hasiniah production. (Hasiniah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 6.30

"ETNAHTA" — Meir Rinon, horn; Riki Sperber, piano. Works by Handel, Saint-Saens, Dukas, Graziadei, Kogan and others. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

TRIO EVENING — Nina Flyer, cello; Rima Kamonowsky, violin; Alhan Sternfeld, piano. (Old City, Redemer Church, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

KIBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor Emil Elson (Romania). Soloist: Theo Okla (Holland). Works by Haydn, Bach, Hartmann, Bartok. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

THE DEERSHEBA DUO — Schubert for four hands. (ZOA House, 1 Frisch, tonight at 9.30 p.m.)

HOMAGE TO PARLO CASALS — (a) Uri Wiesel, cello; Arnan Wiesel, piano. Bach programme (b) 10 cellists play works by Bach, Casals, Villa-Lobos, Scott Joplin and others. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow at 8 p.m.)

CONCERT — Works by Scarlatti, Handel, Telemann, Purcell. (Old Jaffa, Immanuel Church, 9 Beer Hoffman, tomorrow)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Conductor Leonard Bernstein. Soloists Lucia Popp, soprano; Walton Greenroos, baritone. Works by Stravinsky, Mahler. (Mann Auditorium, Tuesday, Wednesday)

Others

CLARINET AND PIANO RECITAL — Avigail Arnhem and Anat Sharon. Works by Brahms, Yehudi Menuhin, Bernstein. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ussishkin, tonight at 10 p.m.)

IMPRESSIONISTIC TONES — Nava Sagiv, piano. Works by Debussy, Ravel. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

PIANO RECITAL — Lea Levavi. (Kfar Shmaryahu, Neve Aviv Club, Sunday at 7.30 p.m.)

SOLOISTS' MARATHON — Members of the Herzliya Chamber Orchestra in recitals, 3 centuries of music. (Herzliya Museum, Yad Lebnaim, Tuesday at 7 p.m.)

NEGEV OPERA COMPANY — Iolanthe, by Gilbert and Sullivan. (Omer, Wednesday, Thursday)

PIANO RECITAL — Ram Afar. (Ramat Hasharon, Yuval, 57 Ussishkin, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)



The Beersheba Duo give recitals in Tel Aviv tonight, and Jerusalem tomorrow.

CHILDREN AND YOUTH

Jerusalem

BUBAMA — By Eric Smith's puppet company. (Gerard Bchar, tomorrow at 9 p.m., Sunday at 10 a.m., 4 and 7 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO — Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

THE KING AND THE MOON — Puppet theatre for age 4 and above. Stories of kings, princes and children. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

MINI CIRCUS — Acrobats, clowns, bearded lady, lion tamer. (Liberty Bell Garden, Thursday at 7.30 p.m.)

SANGER — Hasiniah production. About the Tel Aviv drug world. (Hasiniah, Large Hall, tomorrow through Monday at 8.30 p.m., Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

Halfa
THE BRITISH WAY OF LIFE — Michael Alpe portrays British characters in humorous situations (in English). (Boteinu, Rehov Yehudah, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

GHIOTTO — Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vigna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

PILLAR OF WOOD — Selection of political satire. Produced by the Tzavia Theatre. (Kiryat Haim, Beit Nager, tonight)

THE POISON MUSHROOM — By Brecht. Musical adapted from documents from Nazi Germany. (Wadi Salla Theatre, tomorrow through Thursday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday also at 4.30 p.m.)

Others

SATAN IN MOSCOW — By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Beersheba Municipal Theatre, tomorrow, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

CABARET — Music, circus acts, commedia dell'arte, satire (in English). (Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

THE COUNTRY FOOLS — Sing and play folk music, blues and country, with 3 voices and 7 guitars. (Tzavia, tomorrow at 9 p.m.; Pargod, Thursday at 11.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — Taste of Israel Dancers. Pa'amel Taiman folkdancers. (International Cultural Centre for Youth, 12 Emek Refaim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — With the Freddie Weisgal Trio. (Hilaton, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ — Freddie Weisgal, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Gladstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nabulus Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

LAG D'OMER CONCERT — Hasside rock with "Selah!" (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

acrobatics, music, scene from Shakespeare's plays (in English). (Israel Museum, Billy Rose, Sunday, Wednesday at 5.30 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE — Puppet theatre. (Train Theatre, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

STORY HOUR — A collection of folk tales, plus original stories. (Khan Theatre, today at 2.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR — (in English). (Israel Museum, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

PRETTY BUTTERFLY — Entertainment from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

WHO KNOWS THE MAN IN THE WALL? — Musical puppet show for ages 3-12. (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 4 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ — With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., tomorrow at 11.30 p.m., Wednesday at 11 p.m.)

APPLES OF GOLD — Colour documentary film about the history and struggle of the Jewish people from the time of the early Zionist movement to the present. (Laromus Hotel, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM — Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilaton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

CABARET — Music, circus acts, commedia dell'arte, satire (in English). (Ramada Renaissance Hotel, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

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LAG D'OMER CONCERT — Hasside rock with "Selah!" (Israel Centre, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAVE MALKA — With new Diapora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

POWERPLAY — Or: A Day in the Arms Race. Through caricatures. (Khan, Tuesday at 10.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BEGGARS' JOY — Humour and satire with Shaike Ophir. (Beit Hachayal, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.; Nahmani, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BLACK VELVET — Irish folk music. (Old Jaffa, Hasiniah, tomorrow at 10.45 p.m.)

CRY THE FUNNY COUNTRY — Satire with Seli Rivlin and others. (Rehovot, Wik, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

UAGASHASH HANIVER — Programme of humour and satire. (Ramat Gan, Onica, tonight at 10 p.m.)

JAZZ — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Flament, bass; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Piz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JAZZ CONCERT — Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Flament, saxophone, clarinet; Teddy Kling, contrabass. Central Music Library, 26 Bialik, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

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Ingmar Bergmann: showing a TV feature, "After the Rehearsal," at Cannes.

Cannes challenge

CINEMA / Dan Fainaru

THE traditional way of reporting the Cannes film festival would be something like this: "The sun is shining, the beaches are full, starlets' skirts have been shortened by three inches, no self-respecting lady between the ages of eight and 80 wears anything more than a bikini bottom on the beach, there are clowns in the streets, and everything is for the best in the best of possible worlds."

Sounds phony? Not quite. The breast situation is satisfactory, the sun indeed shines, not all the time but generously enough, the weather is chilly but not enough to empty the beaches. The Croisette, Cannes' main thoroughfare by the sea, is packed with people, particularly on opening night and for the first weekend, crowds are still gawking at their screen idols with the same adoration and envy they always inspired. And prices for the simplest to the most exclusive services - they are all available here - are so exorbitant that only madmen or cinema people can afford them.

And yes, there are films shown here. They are the ostensible reason for the festival. As usual, they are screened here from early morning to early evening, not just one film, or two or three films, but hundreds and hundreds of them. They come in every shape and size and nationality, including no nationality, and each tries to elbow the competition out of the way, and flaunt its own unique qualities. As usual, quality is diluted by quantity. Picking one's way among the countless pitfalls of this playground is Cannes' main challenge to the film reviewer. Or should be.

IF THE 1983 festival is recalled as the year when the way films were shown was discussed more than the films themselves, then the 1984 festival will be remarkable for the fact that the really important issue was how to get to see films rather than the quality of the films themselves. Of course, in the end films may prevail. After all, 1983 was a vintage year. There were films like *The Ballad of Narayana*, *Merry Christmas*, *Mr. Lawrence*, *Carmen* and *Local Hero*. And it is too early to be sure that there won't be films of just as high quality, despite all the obstacles encountered by journalists here.

WHAT this festival makes clear is that the film industry won't be dominated by film culture. It is taking more precautions to safeguard its investments. After all, each film is a perilous multimillion dollar venture, and not to be jeopardized because of the whims of effete intellectuals who after all don't buy tickets anyway.

The practical result of all this is that film producers and distributors still very much want to show their products at such a mammoth film festival as Cannes, and seek the full assistance of the media to further their own interests. However, they do their best to manipulate the media into what will amount to promotion of their films rather than critical discussion of them.

How do they set about doing this? Here is an example from this year's festival. An exiled Polish director, Andrzej Zulawski, made a film called *The Public Woman* under French auspices. Even before its public showing, it had become a *cause celebre*, for it was removed from the festival competition here at the last minute. The reason given was that it contains scenes of such extreme daring that the Selection Committee simply couldn't accept it.

The French media were scandalized by such an infringement of artistic freedom of expression, and attacked the festival. The French film directors' association, with its own parallel section on the Croisette, jumped at the chance of some much-needed promotion. It announced it would open its programme with *The Public Woman*. The festival management, mysteriously, consented to lend its official new theatre for the screening, something

it has piously refused to do up to now for uninvited guests, and the film was scheduled for a special 11 p.m. screening.

But what were a few thousand mealy sents in the theatre, when every festival journalist was devoured by curiosity about the film? A mad race began for tickets, for it was carefully advertised that there would be only one screening.

At this point, the businessmen began their campaign. They wanted everyone to talk about the film, but the least said about it from a critical point of view, the better. Those reviewers who asked to see it, and who usually get in with their accreditation card only, were sent from one person to another in a demeaning and finally fruitless search for tickets, which were kept only for the faithful. A huge crowd gathered in front of the cinema, the police had to be called in to keep order, and, of course, next day, newspapers were full of images of last night's performance. Not very much about the film, but plenty about the event. Mission completed.

JUST SO it won't appear that journalists are spoiled brats demanding special treatment, it should be pointed out that this entire festival is being put on for their benefit. They are here to spread the cinema's gospel later in their columns. Cannes has achieved such prominence because it has cleverly managed to safeguard the interests of the press. However, this festival, because of its major importance, may now be facing the gravest crisis in its history. Will the festival lend itself to the gimmicks and plots concocted by the public relations departments of the big film enterprises, or will it stick to its guns, as it did in the past? If it gives in, it may find itself losing the trust of the media, and digging its own grave. Then the Cannes festival at best would become one market among many. If, on the other hand, it preserves its cultural integrity, it may be able to resist the commercial erosion that threatens it.

I WILL conclude this first Cannes report for the year by mentioning some of the more remarkable films shown in the first few days. Their variety of subject and treatment may convey how difficult it is to find a common basis to deal with all of them.

The opening film, *Port Saganne*, a French super-production, is about the Foreign Legion, the desert, and the splendour of the colonies. It recalls classic American cinema but without talent or conviction.

But Bergmann's TV feature, *After the Rehearsal*, may be a minor contribution to his oeuvre. The interrelation of a stage director and two actresses gives a fascinating insight into the private world of Bergmann himself (whom the director no doubt represents). Another French film, *Sunday in the Country*, by Bernard Tavernier, is a respectful, loving tribute to the memory of Auguste Renoir, the painter, and to Jean Renoir, his son, the filmmaker, and to a romantic period of cinema. It is a tribute to such an extent that it is close to losing its own identity.

Werner Herzog's latest conservationist foray, *Into the Silence*, to show how occidental insensitivity destroys a traditional culture. The Spanish *The Sainly Innocents* in certain respects was close to Herzog; in others resembled overmuch the old social protest films made to measure; and altogether lacked the dimension of poetry and the surrealist touch which gave the German director his distinction.

Comeback



MUSIC AND MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

TOMORROW NIGHT, the recently resurrected Israel Festival will open in Jerusalem, with Stanley Sperber conducting Mordechai Seter's *Sabbath Cantata* and Nahum Heiman's *The Ten Plagues* at the Binyanei Ha'uma, in the presence of President Chaim Herzog. While the Seter cantata was written in 1940, and has earned a distinguished place in the Israeli repertoire, the work by Nahum Heiman will be having its premiere. Its first performance is arousing great curiosity and expectations, as the composer of hundreds of popular Israeli songs has been absent from the local stage for a long time, and this is his comeback in several respects.

He was born in Russia in 1934, and his family were on their way to the U.S. when the outbreak of World War II, on September 1939, found them on board ship in Haifa harbour. His father decided to remain in Palestine rather than face the danger of being torpedoed by German U-boats. So Nahum says, he came to Eretz Yisrael by default and not by design. Anyway, he apparently made the most of it, for he studied for three years at the teachers' seminary in Tel Aviv, while taking lessons twice a week in orchestration etc., from Paul Ben-Haim, did his army service, and was a member of Kibbutz Beit Alpha from 1955 to 1968. His musical activities included work with the Gevatron Choir, the Gilboa Quintet, kibbutz song and dance festivals, and collaboration with popular singers. In 1968, he decided to go abroad to learn how to write music for films and television. He spent two years in Paris studying "on the side" international copyright law which, for some reason, interested him tremendously. In 1971, still feeling a stranger in Paris, he moved to London, where his friend Topol introduced him to some people in the right field. He succeeded in writing many scores for movies and TV films, but his longing for home never left him in London, and all the time he was setting Hebrew poetry - mostly Nathan Alterman's - to music.

HIS MAJOR choral work kept him busy from 1980 to 1982, growing into a large composition. He showed it to Avital Mossinson, the artistic director of the Israel Festival, who then worked for Israel Television. Lack of budget made its performance on TV impossible, but when Mossinson took over management of the festival, he, on the advice of the committee, accepted the work for the opening night.

According to Heiman, *The Ten Plagues* is difficult to define, as it can be regarded as a cantata or an oratorio, or a combination of both, plus other elements. He wrote what he calls simple tunes, and his main problem was that Alterman's poems are all written in the same rhythm, for which he had to find contrasting settings. His influences: Orff's *Carmine Burana*, the *Missae Creola*, Kodaly's *Hary Janos*, Hindemith's style.

He describes himself as a folkloric composer with a classical background and considers the *Ten Plagues* his *magnum opus*. It requires two soloists, two large choirs and a full symphony orchestra. Feeling that he was not up to his own demands for the work, he asked Carlos Miranda to orchestrate the instrumental part of the score and Gil Aldema to score the choral pieces.

Heiman so missed his friends, the sound of spoken Hebrew, the atmosphere of the country - and the Carmel Shuk in Tel Aviv - that half a year ago he left London and returned to Israel for good. Tomorrow night will be a great occasion for him.

THE FESTIVAL will present two operatic companies of extraordinary appeal.

La Piccola Scala, Milan, will perform Rossini's *La Pietra del Paradiso* at Jerusalem's Binyanei Ha'uma on May 30 and 31 (at 8 p.m.) and on June 2 (at 9 p.m.). La Scala was built in 1778, and in 1955 a chamber theatre was added within its walls. First called La Scala's daughter, it is now characterized more as a favourite younger sister to the great opera company whose correct title is actually Teatro alla Scala.

Giosacchino Rossini - the Swan of Pesaro, as he was called after the town where he was born in 1792, wrote no less than 40 operas between 1812 and 1829, of which *La Pietra* is number six. The first of Rossini's works to be performed by La Scala.

it was his first great triumph on Italian stages, earning him exemption from military service. It was performed 53 times that year, and another 37 times in 1821/22. La Piccola Scala revived the *melodramma giocoso* (as it is officially described) in 1959, and has kept it in its repertoire ever since. The story is too involved to give here. Enough to say that it is the usual mixture of love, disguises, and mistaken identities and, of course, a happy ending for most of the actors is guaranteed. Also guaranteed are Rossini's spirited, genial music, his unending inventiveness in characters and situations - and great fun for everybody.

The French company, *Les Musicomédiens*, will present two operettas by Jacques Offenbach (1819-1880), the son of a German-Jewish cantor and creator of French farcical operetta, who has never been surpassed in this field. Among his more than a hundred stage works listed in his catalogue, *Il Signor Fagotto* is No. 53 (1864) and *L'ile de Tulipatan* No. 69 (1868).

Both are typical light-weight, extremely funny comedies and full of musical gems. The confessed goal of *Les Musicomédiens* - "to stress the comic dimensions, through carefree and humorous acrobatic effects" promises some enjoyable entertainment. The performances will take place at the Gerard Behar Centre (the former Beit Ha'am): *Il Signor Fagotto* on May 26 (at 9 p.m.), 27 (at 6 p.m.) and 29 (at 11 p.m.), and *L'ile de Tulipatan* on June 2 (at 9 p.m.) and 3 (at 5 p.m.).

ALTHOUGH the Israel Festival will dominate the scene for the next four weeks, life goes on as usual in other parts of the country. Two highlights may be pointed out as worthy of consideration:

Harry Sparnaay, the Dutch bass-clarinetist of international reputation, will be the soloist with the Israel Sinfonietta, Beersheba, in its coming series of programmes starting tomorrow night. With Noam Sheriff conducting, Sparnaay will premiere Mark Kopytman's *Cantus* TV for bass-clarinet and orchestra, written for and dedicated to him by the Israeli composer. He joins the over 50 composers who have become interested in this instrument, through Sparnaay's outstanding performances (for dates, see Poster).

An event of extraordinary interest to forward-looking musicians will be the performance of John Cage's *Sonatas and Interludes*, written in the years 1946-48, by the young American pianist Darryl Rosenberg at the Tel Aviv University's Musicology Department on May 21. This lengthy work "for prepared piano" - the inside of the instrument is stuffed with nuts, bolts and rubber, the tonal effect eerie and mystical, closest, perhaps, to the gamelan music of the Far East - has probably never before been performed live in Israel. From what I heard on a cassette, this should be a most stimulating event.

The Brigham Young University Choir, of Provo, Utah, conducted by Dr. Ralph Woodward, is coming here for the third time at the invitation of the Israel Chamber Orchestra. Starting with concerts at the Tel Aviv Museum and in Beit She'an, the choir will appear in Jerusalem in the frame of the Israel Festival on May 30 (Theatre, 8.30 p.m.) with the ICO, and the following day at the Dormition Abbey on Mt. Zion in an *acapella* programme. The latter programme will be repeated at the abbey on Friday, June 1 (at 2.30 p.m.). There will be further appearances at the Knights' Hall in Acre and the Tel Aviv Museum.

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THIS WEEK IN JERUSALEM - TAKE ONE FOR THE ROAD!



Very Spanish

DANCE / Dora Sowden

WHEN NEARLY 80 different items of dance, music and theatre and a total of nearly 150 performances of the Israel Festival come to an end, the grand finale will be provided by a Spanish company. The Antologia de la Zarzuela, which will appear at Caesarea on June 13 and 14 (9 p.m.) will give their programme at the Sultan's Pool in Jerusalem on the very last night of the festival, June 16 (9.30 p.m.).

The name Zarzuela is said to have been derived from a royal hunting lodge outside Madrid, used also for entertainments several centuries ago. Today, the "anthology" of dances, songs and story reflect both old and new Spain.

In the earliest years, the shows were mostly masques, with dance in the interludes. By the 18th century, the dances, drawn from folk sources, were stylized into theatrical form as an integral part of "zarzuela" operettas. Indeed, the zarzuela became so popular that a special theatre, La Zarzuela, was built for them in Madrid. The shows were described by visitors as "very Spanish." The elaborate productions soon absorbed influences from Latin America - with shawls, capes, fans, flowers forming an important part of the "action" and with a development of foot technique that would create a new body rhythm and would adjust to the use of fan and shawl, story and music.

Nearly 20 years ago, José Tamayo, a noted director of musicals, operettas and "spectaculars," selected zesty zarzuelas representative of Spanish entertainment. He had conceived the idea of combining the best of the old librettos and music and movement into a new format for staging in the open air and on large stages. The result was the Antologia, which has drawn thousands not only in arenas in Spain but also in Mexico - and Moscow.

Since the Antologia started to travel abroad, the company has given 1,500 performances worldwide. In 1979/80 in Madrid, more than 400,000 people attended the 28 performances at the La Zarzuela Theatre.

The company includes 15 solo singers, 40 chorists, 16 dancers and eight instrumentalists, with an orchestra, making more than 90 persons. The costumes are said to number 800, modelled on traditional styles and the paintings of artists over a span of four centuries.

This Antologia de la Zarzuela has been described to me as "authentic Spanish operetta style in cataracts of

dance and song." So it is something to look forward to.

SEVERAL dance events will take place during the Israel Festival outside the official programme under the auspices of the Jerusalem Municipality's cultural department. The performers will be Israeli dancers.

Besides the traditional Japanese dance evening by Tami Kedar (June 9, already announced) there will be three performances by Kan Shima of Indian dance at the Pappad (June 7, 9, 11).

On June 3 at 9 p.m., Tamara Michels with her group of dancers, will perform *Three Thoughts of Rumi* by Nachman of Breslov in the open square of Batei Mahase in the Old Jewish Quarter. There will be a narrator and musicians of the Jacques Lancy family, who play specially designed instruments.

As a sort of herald to all this was the appearance of Shimon Apatony, an outstanding mime whose performance at the YMCA on May 15 I unfortunately had to miss.

The major companies will, of course, be performing in Tel Aviv - Batsheva, Bat-Dor, Tuls and the Israel Ballet.

MARTIN RUBINSTEIN, who has been here as examiner for London's Royal Academy of Dancing is the first Jewish examiner of the R.A.D. to come here. He said there are anyway only two Jewish examiners on the R.A.D. roster, the other being Reima Berman of Johannesburg. Mr. Rubinstein comes from Australia. He teaches in Melbourne, but travels for three or four months every year as R.A.D. examiner for both major candidates and the grades - one of the few qualified in both capacities.

A READER has pointed out that in my article on young dancers in the Independence Day Supplement, when writing of major studios I did not mention the Israel Ballet school, which now has new premises.

The answer is that the article was not meant to be exhaustive. Names were chosen at random as examples. Others omitted included the school which Professor Alexander Livshitz and his wife Emma have opened in Gilo (130 pupils to date).

Professor Livshitz, in his time a celebrated principal character dancer of Moscow's Kirov Ballet, has since he came to Israel in 1981, been teaching at the Rubin Academy of Music and Dance. There is also the Klara Bondy school in Jerusalem, which has been in existence for nearly 30 years. No doubt there are also others worth mentioning - on proper occasions.

Another reader has called my attention to the regular practice abroad of staging *The Nutcracker* annually, and asked why that or some other show is not done here every year. She pointed out that her sister in Macon, Georgia, does it not in some make-do hall but in the Grand Opera House, with great success.

There is certainly the talent for it here. What we need is for the studios to combine to choose a director who would select the best students for a joint effort, instead of each studio doing its own things, as now. Such a presentation might have more than just parent-satisfaction value. It might even create a tradition.

To mark International Dance Day and Martha Graham's 90th birthday, a film and discussion programme was held at the American Cultural Centre on May 3. The event was arranged in cooperation with the Central Library of Music and Dance, and the participants were Natan Mishori, Rina Schenfeld, Robert Cohen and Gioia Manor.

Bewilderment

TELEREVIEW / Philip Gillon

AS WE AGONIZED throughout the week with the leaders of the political parties in news item after news item, our hearts bled for them. They are finding that the thrones of office are bestrewn with taints. There is neither loyalty nor respect.

Take the case of poor Eliezer Shostak MK, the minister of health. Here is the man who almost single-handedly built up the Likud's La'an faction. He tried to explain to us on TV how Ehud Olmert MK inserted a knife in his back. The faction was meeting during a *sharav* in a hotel room without air-conditioning. So Shostak, 73, moved to a cooler room; Olmert, younger and tougher, stayed behind. And what did he and his supporters do? They drew up a list which excluded the poor old man completely.

I must admit that at no stage did I understand Shostak's explanation of his magnanimous offer to be number three to Olmert's number one or why Olmert rejected it, nor did I follow why both of them turned down the premier's proposition that they should agree in writing to accept his verdict as to which of them had been elected leader of La'an. That is unimportant: comprehension is not the name of the game when we try to follow on television the internal feuds in the parties.

Equally hard to work out is who should get safe seats. In this regard we saw the four-man squad of the Labour party receiving delegation after delegation. As far as I can fathom, everybody deserves a safe seat in some party or other: old Ashkenazis, middle-aged Ashkenazis, young Ashkenazis, infant Ashkenazis, all the same categories of Sephardis, all the same categories of Arabs, every immigrant association, the rich in Herzliya Pitua and the poor in Katamon, sabras, sabrettes, old women, young women, every group.

The problem is not confined to the Labour Party. Everybody who is anybody wants a safe seat. What is more, of those we saw on TV, it seemed to me that everyone had a very convincing case.

There is only one solution. The Knesset is still in session. There is time to introduce a law increasing the number of seats in our legislature to four million. This will enable every inhabitant of this fair land of ours to acquire a safe seat.

THE PORTRAYAL on television of the parties in action has left me completely bewildered as to how they work. It is clear they work differently; but what happens I do not understand.

We saw that Herut nearly voted Arik Sharon into the top spot. Then they had another election by people from all over the country, who gave Arik his come-uppance. But this election was treated with contempt by the central committee, which then made its decision according to the different power groups inside Herut. So what was the other election all about?

The Labour party also had two elections, one to put Shimon Peres in top spot, the other to determine who would be on the Knesset list. I remember being horrified that so deserving a candidate as Tamar Eshel did not make it. But now the Four Wise Men are meeting delegations to decide who shall have safe seats. So what has become of the election?

Some of the remarks made about Egypt and the Pyramids were as weird as any of the monsters we are being promised. Mr. Spock spoke in terms of deep conviction about Egypt being an example of a more tranquil world. The Egyptians of old were astonishing builders, as we were shown, but I have never before

heard their civilization described as a tranquil one, and our forefathers certainly did not find it restful. I have always been under the impression that wars and internecine strife were as commonplace in ancient Egypt as they are today in modern Israel.

Another speaker on the programme complained, in a tone of intense belief, that modern science has deprived us of mystery, that we have lost our sense of wonder about the unknown.

In an era when science is taking us to the uttermost stars, into the heart of the cell and into the inmost depths of the atom, it sounds strange and fatuous to talk of science making life too humdrum. This was an example of how, if you say something, however foolish, firmly enough, you can fool a lot of the people a lot of the time.

THE RETURN of *Fame* in a new series is an occasion to broach the champagne, although I am extremely suspicious and resentful because hints are being dropped right, left and centre that we are going to have to make do without a whole bunch of our favourite characters. Julie, for instance, has married, and has gone off to some outlandish university - blasted cheek! Can they be contemplating the departure of Bruno Martelli at the end of next week's episode? Nobody is as conservative as a television addict - for 30 minutes, after which he adapts like a chameleon to a new environment.

Fame is the kind of TV show the Americans do very well. It has action, speed, verve, great dancing and singing, combined with sentimental scripts and characters brimming over with warm humanity and tender lovingkindness. Just what we need at the end of a long, hard day.

So was *Hurry and Tonto* an example of American movie production at its best. It had warmth, humanity and sentimentality, combined with a picturesque theme which gave the cameraman plenty of scope, and it was superbly acted by Art Carney, who got - and deserved - an Oscar in 1974 for this performance. Equally brilliant was the action of the ginger cat as Tonto: I did not catch his name, and do not know if he got an Oscar, but he certainly earned one.

There was some excellent acting in supporting roles by Ellen Burstyn, Paul Mazursky, Melani Mayron and a thin, down-on-his-luck J.R., known then as Larry Hagman.

On Saturday night we crossed the Atlantic for a British production of Harold Pinter's play, *The Collection*, as different from *Happy and Tonto* as day is from night, but just as enjoyable. Here we saw British television at its best: a small cast, plenty of nothing spelled out, everything done by suggestion.

Now why can't all the cinema and TV films Television House imports be up to the standard of these two?

ALL TELEVISION addicts are deeply indebted to Minister of the Interior Yosef Burg for introducing summer time, thus enabling us to watch a late show on Jordan TV with a clear conscience after Israel plays *Harikva*. But I have a complaint against Jordan, which, I trust, will receive the immediate attention of King Hussein in person.

In the summer, particularly during a *sharav*, my reception of Channel Six collapses before the imperial onslaught of Egypt, or perhaps of Israel. He must install more powerful transmitters for this channel, or much of its very attractive contents will be wasted on the desert air of Jordan itself, and will not reach more deserving viewers on this side of the river.

This Week in Israel - The JERUSALEM MUSEUMS

this week at the israel museum jerusalem

EXHIBITIONS

Joan Miró Sculptures - Lant by Fondation Maeght, Saint Paul, and Galerie Adrien Maeght, Paris. From May 22.

Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel - First ever retrospective of Israeli sculpture, in conjunction with the Israel Festival 1984.

Marc Chagall: Book Illustrations (Courtesy of the Boxenbaum-Neta Foundation)

A Window to Islam - Islamic culture, religion, science and court life

The Gallery of the Roman Period - renovation of the gallery and new finds

Nahum Tzvet - wall statues and models for large sculptures. Closing May 26.

Jonathan Borofsky

Face and Body - photographs

12 pages from the Cairo Geniza

News in Antiquities - new finds from excavations

Tom Seidmann Freud - illustrations of children's books (Courtesy of Dubek Ltd.)

Scraps - crocheting home theater sets and greeting cards (Courtesy of Marianna and Walter Gleissmann)

Permanent Collection of Judaica, Art and Archaeology

Bat Ticho - Works by Anna Ticho, Hanuka lamps collected by Dr. Ticho and library, 10 Dr. Ticho St. off Harav Kook St.). Open Sun.-Thurs. 10.30-16.30; Friday 10.30-13.30.

At the Rockefeller Museum, opposite Damascus Gate:

Kadesh Barnea - a fortress from the Judean kingdom

How to Study the Past

News in Antiquities - finds from Sidonian family tombs Akhzib, 10th-7th century BCE. Early Phoenician

Special Exhibits:

A Masterpiece of Greek Pottery - a giant kylix of the late 6th century

Floor Mosaic from a Byzantine Farm - 7th century Found in Shelomi, Western Galilee (Norman P. Schenker Antiquity Garden). From May 15.

Image of Power - a finely carved, rare Maya stone figure representing an enthroned ruler. (Courtesy of Robert and Helen Kuhn, Los Angeles)

1984 Museum Prizewinners - works by winners of annual Museum prizes for art

EVENTS

DANCE
Saturday, May 19 at 8 pm
"Oriental Dance, Egyptian Style"
POSTPONED

CHILDREN'S FILM
Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. May 20, 21, 23, 24 at 15.30
TOM SAWYER
Directed by Tom Taylor, with Warren Oates, Jodi Foster & Celeste Holm

LECTURE
Tuesday, May 22 at 20.30
CULT OBJECTS IN THE ISRAELITE PERIOD
Ruth Hestrin (Courtesy of the Israel Phoenix Assurance Co. Ltd.)

TOURS FOR CHILDREN
Tuesday, May 22 at 16.30
CREATIVE DRAMA IN THE JUDAICA AND ETHNOGRAPHY GALLERIES
With Rina Padwa

ISRAEL FESTIVAL EVENTS
Saturday, May 19 at 21.00
THE TIME OF SINGING IS COME
Voice of the Turtle
Sun., May 20 at 20.30 & Thurs., May 24 at 18.00
SCALERICA DE ORO
Voice of the Turtle
Tues., May 22 at 20.30 and Sat., May 26 at 21.00
THE HEART OF HER PEOPLE
Voice of the Turtle
Mon., May 21 at 20.30
LA FOLLIA
The Israel Baroque Players
Sun., May 20 and Wed., May 23 at 17.30
THE SHAKESPEARE PARTY IN THE SCULPTURE GARDEN
Bond Street Theatre Coalition

CHILDREN'S STORY HOUR
Wednesday, May 23 at 18.00
For 7-9 year olds with children's participation. (In English)

GUIDED TOURS IN ENGLISH
Museum: Sun. 11.00 & 15.00; Tues. 11.00 & 16.30; Mon., Wed., Thurs., Fri at 11.00
Archaeology Galleries: Monday at 15.00
Shrine of the Book: Tuesday at 15.00
Rockefeller Museum (opposite Damascus Gate): Friday at 11.00

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Recycling project will be open Mon. 14.30-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00. The project encourages creative use of waste materials. For further information please call (02) 633278.

Summer Courses for Children - Registration opens May 20 for intensive morning art courses during July: including ceramics, weaving, movement, nature photography, archaeology. For further details please call (02) 633278.

VISITING HOURS OF THE MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 10.00-22.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00-14.00
SHRINE OF THE BOOK: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00 to 17.00; Tues. 10.00 to 22.00; Fri., Sat. 10.00 to 14.00
BILLY ROSE SCULPTURE GARDEN: Sun., Thurs. 10.00 to sunset; Fri., Sat. & holidays 10.00 to 14.00
ROCKEFELLER MUSEUM: Sun., Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Fri. and Sat. 10.00-14.00
LIBRARY HOURS: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 10.00-17.00; Tues. 16.00-20.00

TICKETS FOR SATURDAY: Available in advance at the Museum and at the ticket agencies: Tel Aviv - Rococo, Etzion, Le'an and Castel; Jerusalem - Klatm. Museum is located on Ruppert Street, Tel. (02) 688211

הכרזת רשמי

ONE OF THE MORE bizarre phenomena of Jerusalem's restaurant scene these days is the case of the two restaurants with one courtyard. Located in Rehov Nuchlat Shiva, the delightful little street running down from Zion Square, Chili's and Off the Square are both off a little passageway. These days there is a wooden fence down the middle of the courtyard, but there was a time when you had to ask the proprietor which table belonged to which establishment.

This time we tried Chili's, which claims to have the only kosher Mexican food in Israel, and waved to the waiter at Off the Square as we went by his entrance. Indeed, much of the charm of both restaurants is that in warm weather they have a pleasant place to sit out of doors. Chili's section is shaded with straw matting. Having never visited Mexico, I studied the menu with some perplexity. My chief experience with so-called Mexican food has been in the U.S., where someone always seemed to have forgotten to put in the spices.

We began our meal with a bottle of beer to keep us cool, and a dish of homemade corn chips. As expected, these were a bit chewier than the commercial kind one buys in supermarkets, but they also tasted fresher. Served with a dish of red hot pepper sauce (*salsa*, I was told), they helped the beer go down very well.

We also tried a dish of *cabeza de vaca*, composed, as speakers of Spanish can tell the advance, of squash, together with corn kernels and onion. It seemed to be flavoured quite heavily with cloves, which was nice, but it was a bit watery for my taste.

Full of beans



FOR THE MAIN course, I chose a bowl of Chili. I have since been told, by someone who ought to know, that this is not authentic Mexican cuisine. Be that as it may I, in my innocence, found it rather good.

The dish consisted, for those unfamiliar with it, of red beans and chopped meat cooked together in a fairly peppery tomato sauce. It is a dish without subtlety, but it is filling and good. Especially nice was the piece of cornbread that came along with it.

My companion tried the *taco* platter. The *taco* itself is a thin cornmeal pancake fried to a crisp.

MATTERS OF TASTE Haim Shapiro

Over it came chopped meat in a sauce, shredded lettuce and a hot tomato sauce. On the side was a portion of Spanish rice, also quite peppery and served with peas and refried beans.

The beans here were rather hard and seemed to me to be candidates for another hour or so of slow cooking. No doubt they are different from those found along the Rio

Grande, but I did note that the beans in the chili were quite tender.

We also had a taste of the hamburger, a very presentable piece of grilled meat in a bun, served in a basket with lettuce and tomato, and the vegetarian *enchillada*, beans on a soft cornmeal pancake with a similar sauce to that of the *taco*.

All the dishes were quite good and filling, although those who don't like peppery food might find them a little hot (except, of course, for the hamburger). For my part, I like food to taste as it was meant to.

There was only one dessert listed

on the menu: carrot cake. It too, was quite satisfactory. The coffee was good.

Having enjoyed our meal, we asked the proprietor about his background. He explained that he is from Pittsburgh, but his partner comes from a bit closer to the Mexican border, Louisiana. I'm not sure if Chili's is "authentic", but it's definitely good.

The bill, for two, came to IS2,900. The appearance of a new Mexican restaurant will no doubt satisfy at least some of the readers who have appealed to me in the past to tell them where one can buy tortillas in Israel.

FOR THOSE who live away from Jerusalem and yet yearn for the flat, crisp, pancake-like bread patties that are characteristic of Mexican cuisine, I am enclosing a recipe. If you try it, you'd better take into account that you will probably fail.

As the writer of one Mexican cookbook put it, the only way to be sure of making tortillas correctly is to have a line of Indian ancestry running back about 500 years.

In any case, mix about two cups of corn meal and a cup of white flour with just enough warm water to form a stiff dough. If you have a food processor, this can be done by slowly adding the water to the meal while the blade is running.

Put the dough aside for at least 20 minutes. Wet your hands and form into balls about as big as a small egg.

Now comes the hard part. Put the balls into very thin pancakes, but don't let them fall apart. Fry until crisp on a lightly greased frying pan.

After a few years of practice, you should get something fairly edible. □

Ghetto drama

THEATRE / Marshall Pomerantz



LAST WEEKEND the Haifa Municipal Theatre premiered two more in its succession of plays that broach the inexpressible, dealing with the Nazi era.

The more ambitions of the two is Yehoshua Sobol's *Ghetto*, directed by Gedalia Besser. It depicts life in the Vilna Ghetto, particularly the development of a theatre group there. It is based on historical fact, and the principal characters were real: Gens (Yusuf Abu Warda), the head of the Jewish police and then of the Judenrat; Kittel (Doron Tavori), the Nazi officer in charge; and Krook (Ilan Toren), the Bundist, librarian, and diarist, are among them. The songs used in the play were actually written and sung by the ghetto theatre troupe.

The play is about many things: the day-to-day scrambling for food and medicine to subsist, the bargaining for lives, the way some Jews learned only too well to emulate Nazi tactics, the ways Fascist nationalism intensified Jewish nationalism - with the strong suggestion that there is no solution to the Jewish problem either.

Usually the play succeeds least in its realistic portrayal of ghetto conditions, and most when it treats the possibilities and limits of theatre. In the ghetto, theatre was an occupation that afforded people permits to live - at least for a while. It was a rare opportunity for the expression of dignity, and even criticism in the form of satirical reviews.

The Haifa production makes an impact when it "borrows" the theatrical devices of the ghetto players - particularly singing, puppetry and costume.

The singing of Rikki Gal as Haya is vital and moving, especially in her *Sweeney* duet with Kittel, the Nazi who wields both a *schnitzmesser* and a saxophone. The killer has a keen esthetic sense, and a yen for both Haya and Gershwin. Their song-and-dance expresses an excruciating blend of restrained violence and eroticism. She is singing for her life, and he, in a way, is singing for his humanity.

THE SECOND device, the ventriloquist's dummy, is easily the star of the show. Superbly played by Ami

Weinberg, with flailing arms, buckling knees and wicked tongue, he is both the most vulnerable and the fiercest member of the theatre troupe. He says what others can't - whether it's expressing the love of his manipulator, Sruik (Michael Kfir) for Haya, or cracking jokes at the expense of the Nazis, or mocking the Hebraization of the school curriculum and the teaching of Palestinianography as attempts to defy the oppressor.

Towards the end of the play, Kittel storms into a rehearsal and orders the players to line up with their faces to the wall and their hands raised high. It isn't the raggedy band of players that moves us; we've seen the stance before and steered ourselves against it. It's the dummy at the end of the line, facing the wall like the others, hanging limply from the arm of Sruik. It's the way Sruik instinctively shields the puppet with his own body.

Clothing and costume are the most pervasive metaphor, in the text and the staging, with costumes by Edna Sobol and set by Adrian Vaux. The basic set consists of a mountain of cloth bags stuffed with clothing that needs to be sorted; this is all that returns from concentration camps.

Those who would survive are forced to live off the dead - to cover their nakedness, to keep warm, and finally, to furnish their art. But at what moral expense?

Haya is first seen rummaging for shoes; by Kittel's permission she also gets a dress and coat to replace the blanket she wears. Later, Kittel tries to tempt her with a pearl necklace, suggesting that it's from the same unspeakable source. "Anyone who starts with shoes ends with pearls," he says.

A number of ghetto residents survive by performing "productive" war work in a laundry and sewing operation. They recycle the uniforms of dead soldiers, German and Russian. Weisskopf (Rami Danon), the meek retailer who catapults himself into wealth and power as boss of the operation, proclaims: "What happens in the laundry - that's drama; you should see the sewage - full of blood and oil."

CLOTHES make the man in every sense - and in the end, clothing is all that remains. The last performance the theatre troupe puts on involves animated costume alone - the outfits and accessories of a bride and groom, made to dance in the air by the actors in blackout. The scene signifies both the transcendence and failure of theatre. Under cover of darkness, Haya, who has started to work in the resistance, is able to escape. But whoever remains is shot. Costume is not bullet-proof.

Abu-Warda and Tavori give strong performances, if not the inspired ones they have delivered, respectively, in *The Island* (still running) and *The Soul of a Jew*, last season's Sobol-Besser collaboration. In *Ghetto*, Tavori plays two roles: in addition to that of Kittel, he makes a brief appearance as Dr. Paul, the Nazi Hebraist who studied at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. As the latter he wears steel-rimmed glasses. Beyond that, I found it difficult to distinguish one tight-throated Nazi from the other.

Rami Danon seems to have found his ideal role as the little big man, but his shouting is unmodulated. Ultimately, the play acknowledges its own exploitation of the dead. May they forgive us all our need to dress up in hand-me-downs.

Next week: Haifa's second new production, *Poison Mushroom*, a satirical revue at the Wadi Salib annex.

(Above) Rikki Gal. (Below) Yusuf Abu-Warda, Doron Tavori, Giora Shamnal.



This Week in Israel - The Leading Tourist Guide - This Week

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AS RESTAURANT Kosher East European food like mama's Home atmosphere Popular prices Fines sold out to Israel Deli take-away counter open 7 am - 7 pm Restaurant: 13 Amir St. Tel. 03-658447		TEL AVIV MUSEUMS Beth Hatefutsoth The Nahum Goldmann Museum of the Jewish Diaspora Visiting hours: Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday 10 am - 5 pm; Wednesday 10 am - 9 pm; Friday and Saturday CLOSED. Children under the age of 8 are not admitted. Organized tours must be pre-arranged. Sun.-Thurs. 9 am - 1 pm, (03) 425181. PERMANENT EXHIBIT AND CHRONOSPHERE The main aspects of Jewish life in the Diaspora presented through the most advanced graphic and audio-visual techniques. EXHIBITIONS 1. "The Jews of Kaifeng, Chinese Jews on the Banks of the Yellow River." 2. "Memories of Jewish Poland - 1932" Photographs by Nechum T. Givai. JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE "The Chosen" Based on the book by Chaim Potok. Dir.: Paul Kagan. English with French and Hebrew subtitles. Monday, May 21 at 8:30 pm. Admission fee: IS400; For members of Friends Association: IS300. Courtesy of bank leumi בנק לאומי EVENTS 1. A meeting with writers and scientists from Hungary, on the 40th anniversary of the occupation of Hungary by the Nazis in cooperation with the Rubik Committee of the Heritage of Hungarian Jewry. Participants: Dr. S. Gorygy, Prof. R. Gorygy, Prof. J. Gyula, Prof. B. Ivan, Prof. K. Elek. The evening will be held in Hungarian. Saturday, May 19 at 8 pm. 2. "Religion and Nationality" A discussion on the book by Joseph Agassi. Participants: Prof. J. Agassi, Prof. Y. Gorni, Prof. G. Weiler. Moderator: Uri Ram. Sunday, May 20 at 8:30 pm. 3. "Avraham Goldfaden and his work" A discussion evening in Yiddish in cooperation with the World Council for Yiddish and Jewish Culture. Participants: M. Sakzler, N. Lifschitz. Songs: Jenny Kessler. May 22 at 8 pm. 4. A discussion evening on the book "Image of son Jull, Le Jull dans le cinema Nazi" by Michel Friedman in cooperation with "Sillages" a quarterly on literature and politics, published by the Department of Information of the World Zionist Organization. Participants: Prof. M. Hershgor, Dr. M. Friedman. Moderator: Dr. K. Krieger. The evening will be held in French. Wednesday, May 23 at 8:30 pm. Beth Hatefutsoth is located on the campus of Tel Aviv University (Gate 2), Kikar HaShalom St., Ramat Aviv; Tel.: 03-425181. Buses 13, 24, 26, 27, 45, 49, 74, 79, 274.			

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S & M BETWEEN ACTS Pearl Miller

SASHA AND MATTI. Matti and Sasha. Two generations of Israeli composers. They're the stars of *Mattiyahu and Alexander*, a very special two-man evening currently playing the national concert circuit, a show featuring 35-year-old pop musician Mattiyahu "Matti" Caspi singing new songs composed and played by 68-year-old veteran musician Alexander "Sasha" Argov.

The friendship - there is more between the two than just the familiarity collaboration breeds - has its roots in Caspi's childhood, which was just beginning when Israel Radio took to the air waves. Before that, the only Israelis to hear Argov's tunes regularly belonged to the Kibbutz Movement for which Argov, together with director Gershon Plotkin, had worked for 12 years, or various army troops and groups like the Chisharon.

Argov, who composed his first tune at six, is the product of a pianist mother, who passed on her talent and love of music, and a dentist father who paid for private lessons when it became clear that, as the son of two members of the bourgeoisie, Sasha had no chance of attending the Moscow conservatory.

After the family arrived in Tel Aviv via Poland at the end of 1934, Sasha went to work in the now-defunct Industrial Bank, a position he held for 20 years, never wanting to be wholly dependent on his beloved music. Although the clerical job kept him from working as a composer by day, it also gave him the luxury of being able to accept only those commissions that interested him.

BY THE TIME Caspi started piano lessons, at the age of five, Israel Radio was already playing the hit songs Argov that kept writing for such groups as Batsai Yarak (Green Onion), the Sambatiyon, and the Tarnegolim. Other Argov compositions he heard while caversdropping on the solos, duos and trios which regularly came to perform at the Kibbutz Hinita guest house. It was at the guest house that Caspi was first inspired to learn music.

Shmuel Ogoel, who was playing a harmonica only a few centimetres long, remembers Caspi. "He saw me watching and asked if I wanted it. I said yes, and he said: 'You can have it after you start piano.' A year later I told him that I was, in fact, playing. He reached into his pocket and gave me the harmonica."

Caspi says now that he was aware of Argov's music from the early years of his musical training when, pressured to practise regularly by a stubborn father, he learned flute, mandolin and piano. "There were two categories in my head, Argov, though I rarely liked the way his music was interpreted, and others."

The '50s, '60s, and '70s were productive decades for Argov, who left his banking job in 1958, not to begin supporting his family through music, but to buy a bookstore, Volislavsky Ltd., on Allenby Street, puts the bread on the Argov table by supplying science books to various educational institutes and libraries. The butter comes from musicals such as *Shlomo Hamalech* and *Shalmai Hasandlar* and his songs such as the dozen that Caspi was eventually to immortalize in the *Matti Caspi Sings Sasha Argov* album: "My Love is Independent," "When the Light is on in Your Window," "Vacation in Red," "If You Want" and "Purple Dress."

But that is getting ahead of the story, because 15 years before Caspi recorded his first collection of Argov songs (which has sold so steadily that the album is soon to go gold) he began his career in the entertainment troupe of the army's Southern Command.

Before his stint was up, he'd already written "I'm Dead," which caused a sensation when performed on TV by his trio. They Couldn't Care Less, and led to his first album. Through trial and error, with a little help from singer Yossi Banai and musical director David Kivoshie, Caspi became one of his generation's top musicians. For himself and others, he wrote music, arranged music, played numerous instruments, sang, and occasionally even penned lyrics.

ARGOV AND CASPI, Sasha and Matti, met for the first time one night at Tzavta, when the popular club was still located on Mapu Street.

"Sasha was wearing a green suit, green tie and light green jacket," recalls Matti, to the utter amazement of the older composer. "The year was 1969. I was still a soldier and still too shy to do more than acknowledge the introduction."

Their next encounter came two years later at Beit Hamoreh, when Matti was recording his *Do Re U Mi* Od programme for Israel Radio. Sasha, who was in the audience, complimented him on his arrangement of Mordecai Zeira's "Two Roses."

Caspi had by now officially left kibbutz life for the big city and was slowly growing in popularity, stature and range. From musicals like *Ir Hagvarim* based on stories by Damon Runyan and *Behind the Tunes* (written in conjunction with Shlomo Gronich), he moved toward writing and arranging songs for himself and others, the best of which he recorded in a succession of albums which sold well and include: "How Dares the Star," "Ho Bidi London Puppy," "Dove's Song," "When God First Said," "Here, Here," "Covenant of Love (Brit Haolam)," "Who'd Believe You'd Leave?" and "It Ain't Easy (Ain Shalva)," "You'll Find Your Way," "Tell Me," "Night Trilogy" and "Twilight."

Caspi also recorded a children's album and produced shows for Hava Alberstein, Oshik Levy, Arik Sinai and Yehudit Ravitz. He arranged and directed *Beautiful Tropical Land*, a radio show of Brazilian songs that was turned into one of the most popular and large-scale stage shows ever to hit Tel Aviv.

By 1982, says Caspi, his ego was strong enough to "handle" performing someone else's music. That

someone was to be Argov, as "little by little I realized over the years that I was paying special attention to his songs. I had this feeling that they were being performed wrong. The tunes as he writes them are so complex musically that there is no need to add gimmicks. I didn't like people playing them with fancy additions. I like them better done simply as he'd written them."

With seven favourites in hand, Caspi arrived to find three more from Argov's repertoire of some 800 compositions. A friendship which tentatively began when Caspi had arranged a song for Argov's *Golden Apple* record, matured.

Having made the decision to sing 12 Argov songs, however, didn't mean that Caspi was ready to go on tour with someone else's music. When producer Dudu Eliazar first made the suggestion, Caspi turned him down unequivocally. He instead produced new records for Gali Atari, Hani Livni, Dani Robos, the Parvarim (with whom he'd recorded more Latin American songs), Shlomo Gronich and Dafna Armoni.

Pressed by Eliazar, two years after *Matti Caspi Sings Sasha Argov* first appeared in record stores, Caspi agreed to organize, for the Israel Festival, a one-time only, two-man evening with Argov.

"Dudu came to me and suggested I appear with Matti," recalls Argov. "I said fine without ado, because I so agree with his interpretation of my music. By chance I'd written the tunes for a musical still without lyrics, that had been shelved when Bank Leumi stopped financing productions after November's financial crisis. I showed them to Matti. He liked them. We chose six, most of which Kobi Lurie wrote the words to within five days."

Added to the songs which appeared on *Matti Caspi Sings Sasha Argov*, the new duo had a full evening's worth of entertainment. When word came from the Israel Festival that the organizers were "not interested" in the concept, Caspi "suddenly grew up."

He remembers: "I said, 'Then we'll do the show on our own, put out an album to boot, and go on tour.' I was absolutely determined that we succeed and, sure enough, within one month *Mattiyahu and Alexander* was ready to go."

Although Argov suffered a heart attack, the album was recorded Caspi-style, in just one and a half days, after 10 days of intensive rehearsals at Kibbutz Hahogen. The older musician not only kept pace with his young admirer, but discovered that working 12 hours a day caused the pains plaguing his left arm to disappear.

A month passed before the album appeared in record stores, because it took CBS that long to get the cover printed. Rather than wait, Caspi and Argov began touring the country. They try to appear about three times a month, once at the Haifa Theatre, once at the Tel Aviv Museum's Recanati Auditorium.

Mattiyahu and Alexander is an intimate, two-man show. Argov plays the piano and occasionally says a few words. Caspi plays the guitar and a computerized electric piano, but mostly he sings. The repertoire includes all the classic Argov songs from the first album; the six new tunes penned by Argov this year, the first song Argov ever wrote (which has a distinctly Russian flavour) and the first song ever written by the young kibbutznik.

third place went to Vyacheslav Eimhorn.

ISRAEL CHAMPIONSHIP 1984
L. GUTMAN E. SHVIDLER
1. g3 e5 2. Bg2 Nc6 3. c4 g6 4. Nc3 Bg7 5. d3 d6 6. Bd2 h5 7. Nf3 Nd4 8. Nd4 e4 9. Ne4 h4 10. Qb3 h3 11. Bf3 f5 12. Bg5 Qd7 13. Nd2 c6 14. c5 dc5 15. Qc2 Nh6 16. Bh6 Rh6 17. Qc5 Qe7 18. Bc6!! b6 19. Qc6 Kf7 20. Qd5 Kf6 21. Rcl1 Rb8 22. Rc6 Bc6 23. Nf3 g5 24. Qe5 Kf7 25. Qb8 Rh8 26. Qc7 Bf6 27. 0-0 Bd7 28. Rd6 Rd8 29. Nd4 Be5 30. Qc4 Kg7 31. Rc6! Black resigns.

Y. MUREY N. BIRNBOIM
1. c4 Nf6 2. Nc3 e5 3. Nf3 Nc6 4. g3 Bb4 5. Bg2 0-0 6. 0-0 e4 7. Ng5 Bc3 8. dc3 Re8 9. Qc2 Qe7 10. Nh3 d5 11. cd5 Nd5 12. Nf4 Nf6 13. Rd1 b6 14. Nd5 Nd5 15. Rd5 Bb7 16. Rd1 Na5 17. b3 Bc6 18. Bc3 Nb7 19. e4 Nc5 20. Rd2 a5 21. Re1 h6 22. Qb2 Rad8 23. Rcd1 Rd2 24. Rd2 Rd8 25. h4! Rd2 26. Qd2 Qd6? 27. Qd6 cd6 28. f3 ed3 29. Bf3 Bf3 30. ef3 Kf8 31. h5 Ke7 32. Bd4 f6 33. Kf2 Ke6 34. Ke3 Kf5 35. g4 Kg5 36. a3! Nb3 37. Bb6 Na1 38. Ba5! Nc2 39. Kf2 Kf4 40. c5! Ke5 41. c6 Ke6 42. Bb4 Nd4 43. e7 Kd7 44. Bd6! f5 45. Be5. Black resigns.

White to play and win SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3171 (Kakovin). 1. Bh4! Qb4 2. Re2 Kf7 3. g8Q! Kg8 4. a7 Qd8 5. a8RQ! Qa8 6. Rg2 Kf7, stalemate.

VISIT TO ROMANIA
A TEAM of six young Israeli players, four of them under 18, recently visited Rumania, where it met twice with Bucharest Politechnika, leader of the Rumania league in friendly matches and won on each occasion, 3 1/2-2 1/2.

Another Rumanian league team was defeated 4-2. A fourth victory was achieved in a meet with Bucharest juniors, whom the Israelis beat 4-0.

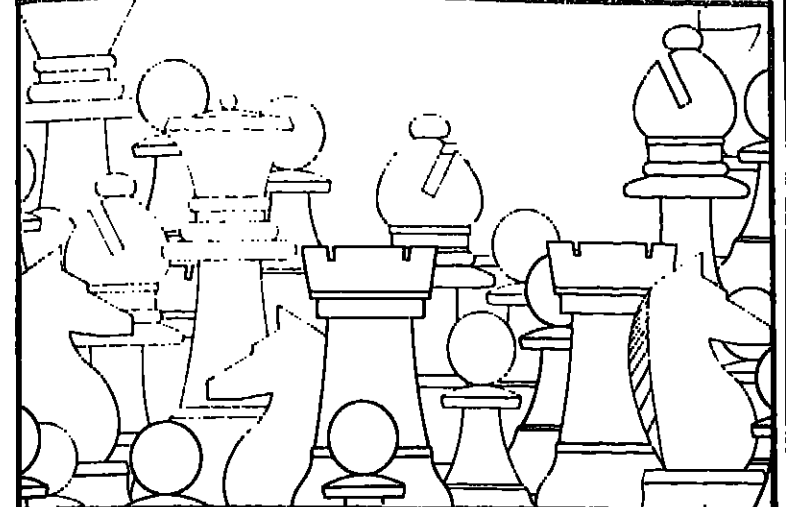
The visiting team sustained two setbacks at the hands of the Rumanian under 26 selected, 2-4 and 1-5.

Team members were Michael Dicker, Dan Lepan, Gad Rechlis, Moshe Pyernik, Yitzhak Ben Menahem and Roni Sherf. Gad Rechlis had the most success, earning 5 points out of 6 games. Head of the delegation was Shlomo Kandelshein.

From the match of the Israeli juniors in Bucharest, here is a fine game.

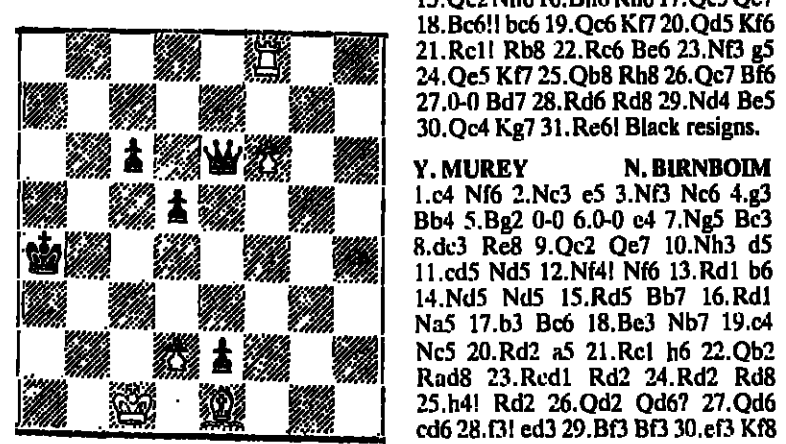
BRECHT BEN MENAHEM (Israel)
1. c4 e5 2. Nf3 Nc6 3. Nc3 g6 4. d4 e4 5. Nd4 Bg7 6. Ne2 Bc3 7. bc3 Qa5 8. Bd2 Nf6 9. f3 0-0 10. e4 d6 11. Nd4 Ne5 12. Qb3 Qc5 13. Qb4 b6 14. Qc5 b6 15. Nb5 Be6 16. Na3 Rb8 17. Bg5 Kg7 18. f4? Ne4! 19. Be7 Re8 20. Bh4 Ng4 21. Bd3 Nef2! 22. Bf2 Bf5 23. Kd2 Nf2 24. Bf5 Nh1 25. Bd7 Re7 26. Bb5 Nf2 27. Rf1 Ne4 28. Kd3 f5 29. h3 a6 30. Bc6 Bb2 31. Nc2 Ng3 32. Rf3 Re2 33. Ba4 Rg2 34. Bb3 Ne4 35. Rf1 Rd2. White resigns.

SOKOLOV USSR CHAMPION
INTERNATIONAL master Andrei Sokolov won the USSR championship, held in Lvov. IM Konstantin Lerner was runner-up, while



CHESS Eliahu Shahaf

Problem No. 3173
V. and M. PLATOV
1911



White to play and win SOLUTIONS. Problem No. 3171 (Kakovin). 1. Bh4! Qb4 2. Re2 Kf7 3. g8Q! Kg8 4. a7 Qd8 5. a8RQ! Qa8 6. Rg2 Kf7, stalemate.

HASTINGS 1983/84
KARLSSON SUBA
1. c4 g6 2. Nc3 Bg7 3. g3 e5 4. Bg2 Ne7 5. e3 0-0 6. f4 c6 7. Qb3 Na6 8. Nge2 Nc5 9. Qc2 Ne6 10. Qb3 b6 11. h5 d5 12. hg6 Nc5 13. gh7 Kh8 14. Qd1 Nd3 15. Kf1 de4 16. b3 f5 17. f4 e4 18. Ba3 cb3 19. ab3 e5 20. Kg1 Rf6 21. g4 Rg6 22. g5 Rd6 23. Ra2 Be6 24. Bf1 Nc6 25. Rh2 Na5 26. Qb1 Bb3 27. Ng3 Ba2 28. Qa2 Ne1 29. Ncd4 Nf3 30. Kh1 f4 31. Bh2 Nh2 32. Bg7 Kg7 33. Nf5 Kh8 34. Qh2 Rd4 35. ed4 Kf7 36. Kh2 Qd5? 37. g6 Kg6 38. Ne7 Kf7 39. Nd5 Rh8 40. Kgl Rg8 41. Kf2. Black resigns.

BRILLIANT TOUCH
White - Kg1; Qc5; Re1, Re3; Nd2; Pb3, g3, h2. (8). Black - Kh8; Qg5; Rf2, Rf8; Bd5; Pg7, h7. (7).
1. Nf3! R2f3 2. Rf3 Rf3 3. Re8. Black resigns. (Lukovnikov-Maslenkov USSR, 1983.)

MISSSED OPPORTUNITY
White - Kh3; Re1; Bc6, Bd2; Nh1. Nh2; Pa3, b2, c2, d3, f4, h5. (12). Black - Kf8; Rg7; Bc8, Bd8; Nd6, Nh4; Pa5, b6, c5, d4, f5, h7. (12). Black to play.
In the game Black played 1. - Bb7? and lost. Correct was 1. - Ne4! 2. Re2 (2. de fe; or 2. Bcl Rg3! 3. Ng3 Nf2x) 2. - Rgl 3. Be1 Ng5! 4. fg (4. Kh4 Ne6 5. Kh3 Nf4x) 4. - f4 5. Ng4 Bg4 6. Kh2 Be2 7. Kg1 Bg5, and Black wins. (Bagdasarov-Fedorov, USSR, 1983.)

COUP DE GRACE
White - Kg1; Qe2; Rcl, Rc2; Pd4, e3, f2, g3, h3. (9). Black - Kg7; Qe4; Ra2, Ra3; Pc6, d5, f7, g5, h6. (9). Black to play.
1. - Rc3!! White resigns. (Bikov-Zinoviev, Odessa, 1983.)

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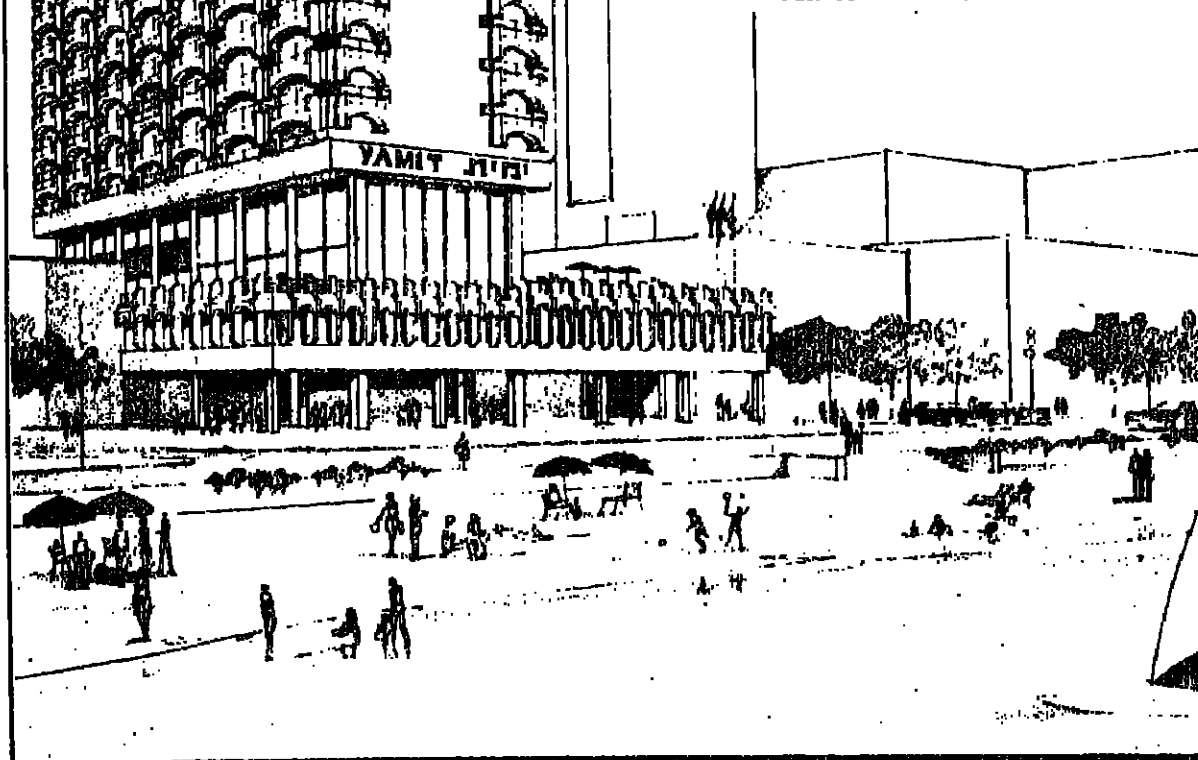
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WILLEM SANDBERG

Henriette Boas

Amsterdam —

WILLEM SANDBERG, who died in Amsterdam a month ago, at the age of 86, will be best recalled in Israel as an adviser to the Israel Museum, to which he came at the age of 65, from the post of Director of the Amsterdam Municipal Museum. In Holland, however, he will be best remembered as Director of the Stedelijk. Since his death, it has been suggested that this museum should be renamed the Sandberg Museum.

Yet Sandberg, who was appointed a conservator of the Stedelijk in 1937, a position he relinquished during the German occupation, was the director of this museum just 17 years, from 1945 till 1962. However, in this relatively short period he made the Stedelijk into what it is. In contrast to the nearby Rijksmuseum, which houses art from the middle ages up to the first half of the nineteenth century, the Stedelijk is devoted to modern art from about 1850 onwards, with a *Kunsthal* for the most modern and controversial artists, whom he energetically promoted. Among them, for instance, were Karel Appel, the Cobra group, and Jean Tinguely, not to mention Piet Mondrian and other abstract artists already more or less accepted.

Sandberg's Stedelijk years were

stormy. One exhibition followed the next in rapid succession, each more daring and controversial than its predecessors. Sandberg, originally a typographer, designed the catalogues himself. He was certainly not easy to work with, and could rarely be found at the director's office. He was a great traveller, flew from one country to the next to make contact with progressive artists, and with other museums. He remained the stormy petrel he had been most of his life and retained his impishness.

HE WAS a Jonkheer, born into a family of Calvinist worthies who had been ennobled in the early nineteenth century. He had poor health as a child, stuttered, and suffered from headaches. Later, he tried to overcome these handicaps through regular fasting, and vegetarianism. The frugal regime healed him, and may have helped him also keep his frail, youthful, even boyish figure.

Non-conformist from youth, Sandberg didn't want to follow a family occupation and become a lawyer. He wanted to paint. He joined the Art Academy in Amsterdam but, again non-conformist, decided he didn't want to continue there, or to be a painter. So he started travelling through most of Europe, with long stops in Italy and in Paris, together with a woman some years older than himself, whom he married for the period of his travels, but with the proviso that the marriage wouldn't last more than

six years. At the end of this period, they indeed separated. Sandberg remarried in his 'thirties, and his new wife was again several years older than himself, and had two grown-up children. He had a daughter by her.

DURING THE German Occupation, Sandberg participated in the Resistance from an early date. Together with a group of artists, he set up a fund for supporting Jewish colleagues in hiding. They soon began the large-scale forging of identity papers. He graduated into armed resistance, and, with close friends, took part in an attack on the Amsterdam Registrar's Office with the aim of destroying its card index systems. However, they were betrayed, and most of his friends were executed. He himself escaped by accident, and spent the rest of the Occupation more or less in hiding, and under an assumed name.

His fame began only in 1945. He was 45 years old, not an art historian and, as a matter of fact, not very much interested in art history. It was then he was appointed director of the Stedelijk at the recommendation of its director, D.C. Roell, who had just been appointed director of the Rijksmuseum. By the spring of 1946, Sandberg had already organized exhibitions of recent works of such masters as Picasso, Matisse and Braque, who then exerted their influence on such young Dutch artists as Constant Nieuwenhuis, Karel Appel, Corneille and Luciebert, who would form the nucleus of the Cobra group.



Will Sandberg, photographed in Jerusalem by Aliza Auerbach.

A PORTRAIT of Sandberg wouldn't be complete if it omitted to mention that his sympathies were with the Left. He had read Marx's *Capital* as a youth, and had much sympathy with left-wing artists

though he himself may not have been a member of any party. He expressed publicly his opposition to the American presence in Vietnam. He helped also to organize, and for many years was chairman of, the Federation of Artists in Holland, by many considered a Communist organization. For that matter, he was a member also of about 30 other committees and executives. He hardly ever slept more than five hours a night.

Many considered him a little too restless and non-conformist. But he was highly appreciated by young artists whom he would believe in before almost any one else. In 1963, he donated to the Stedelijk 100 works of art which had been given to him by artists whose work he had helped promote. They include a series of lithographs by Yigal Tumarkin, which now forms part of the Sandberg collection at the Stedelijk.

He didn't rest after being pensioned off. Due to his connection with Prina Schwimmer (later Bernstein) Vigevano, he became the Israel Museum adviser. (She herself, aged 85, died less than two months before him.) He was the adviser also for the building of the very controversial Centre Pompidou in Paris. The architects Piano and Rogers were invited, commissioned for it at his suggestion.

In recent years, afflicted with deafness, and increasingly frail, he wasn't seen much in public. He continued to work at his typographic designs — his great love — at home.

With his death a most remarkable man has passed. Without his support Dutch post-war art could scarcely have developed to the extent it has. Jerusalem too is in his debt. □

In search of virtue

Meir Ronnen

TWO VERY different artists who both make a virtue of using found objects, come together in a show that also makes a virtue of the use of handmade paper. Zvi Tolkowsky (b. Israel, 1934) a professor at the Bezalel Art Academy, is an almost necrophilic collector of the loism and jetsam of refugee camps; this time around, the support and occasionally binding element is handmade paper, to which he has tacked, stuck or taped people's old envelopes, letters, and carefully "aged" exercise-book pages and a variety of *bric-a-brac*, all combined with a painted and painted-over surface that is highly aesthetic and pleasing. There are inevitable echoes of the collage techniques of Picasso and Schwitters, sometimes combined with the miniaturist elegance characteristic of Julius Bissier. But unlike Bissier, they are at once more complicated and more pretentious, because Tolkowsky wants us to believe that these are cultural artifacts and that some sort of merit attaches to an Israeli Jew's elevation of them into an art form. But of course the only real message contained in these highly contrived works is that their maker is a masterly aesthetician. One's irritation with the artist's by now manneristic manipulation of sensitive material, is however still tempered by the inventive and often delightful way in which he manages to pull things off. Tolkowsky is less a composer than he is a virtuoso performer.

His partner in this show, Joyce Schmidt (b. USA, 1942), an instructor in papermaking at the Beersheva Visual Arts Centre, shows sculptures made of Negev desert plants, the sheets of resultant paper being

combined with local twigs and branches. She also shows multi-layer works on paper in which photo-engraved patterns appear in "windows" of torn and folded surface. Curator Larry Abramson, who wrote the catalogue to the show, claims that the spectator must accept the artist's fundamental premises and dogma about the process before the work can be enjoyed, but my own feeling is that all of her works on show, for the first time that I can remember, can be enjoyed for the visual immediacy that results from their interesting design and pleasing textures. The heck with dogma and the virtues of using local symbols and materials, handmade or found; it's the results alone that count. (Jerusalem Print Workshop — Florence Miller Art Center, 38 Shivtei Yisrael, Jerusalem.) Through May.

RUBEN KOHN (b. Israel, 1947) studied at the Bezalel and now lectures at its photography and graphics departments. His skilled mixed-media paintings and collages on paper reflect both the influence of De Stijl (he also studied at the Rietveld Academy in Holland) and the Orphism of the Delaunays, combined with more recent graphic references to Americans like Held and Johns. Kohn's work is capable, but leaves one unmoved. The two in square format work best. The artist would do well to examine why. This is his first one-man show in Jerusalem. (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery for New Artists.) Till May 30.

OASIAS HOFSTATTER seems to have reached the point where he is turning back to his own work for inspiration. His latest crop of watercolours and mixed media drawings-cum-paintings of paper of formalised versions of lost souls, seems to have lost something of their power to both surprise and shock. An eye-catcher,



Zvi Tolkowsky: collage painting (Jerusalem Printshop-Miller Centre Gallery).



Joyce Schmidt: paper and twig sculpture (Jerusalem Printshop).

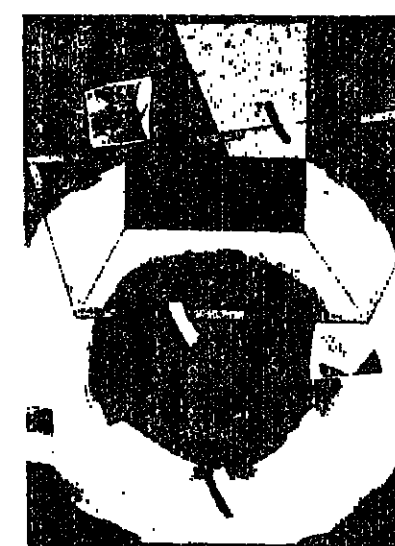


Oasias Hofstatter: watercolour (Ella Gallery, Yemin Moshe).

however, is a striking head of a woman in black and white (21). Another strong image is that of a tiny child on the long, arched back of a dog, different versions of which were seen when Hofstatter first received recognition. (Ella Gallery, Tura 1, Yemin Moshe). Till May 22, 5-7pm only.

THE FIGURE in the landscape is the theme of a brave but unsuccessful new show at a gallery which encourages New Painting. The theme is stretched a little in several cases where all that is apparent is a figure or a face. The two large faces by Gershuni that are eminently more readable than most of his "soldier" (friend) series; one is an intriguing version of the late Yitzhak Danziger. Pamela Levy weighs in with an Israeli version of Manet's naked lunch, but it's more of a successful picture than a successful painting. She and all the others are genuinely struggling, but are far from achieving any sort of resolution: large paintings by Hanna Ben Haim, Ruthie Raviv, Avi Ezra and Pesah Slabosky remain unrealized in both composition and paint quality though the latter evidences some good passages. A painted assemblage by Jacques Jano and works on paper by Yehuda Zion fail to excite interest. Even the presence of two undated canvases by Ori Reisman fails to ignite matters. They show the wider side of this erratic but fascinating veteran; details of one agonized face are marvellous. But the works as a whole have nothing to say. Perhaps that is why they were passed over by the Israel Museum when Reisman was exhibited there earlier this year. (Alon Gallery, cnr. 51 Palmach, Jerusalem.)

YONA SHILOH (b. Israel, 1954) an accomplished Avni Institute graduate, shows oils and drawings in a style and colour popular in this country around the time she was born. A student of Streichman and Reichwarger, her post-impressionist still life of flowers and formalised static



Ruben Kohn: collage painting (Jerusalem Theatre Gallery).

landscapes are sensitively painted with a skilled awareness of the laws of complementary colours, in her case low-keyed greens and purples and mauves, with touches of occasionally acidic browns. Her attempts to break out into more geometric abstraction based on landscape are admirable, but as yet unsuccessful. A few of the more "classic" oils, however, show a fine feeling for composition. The line drawings of nudes are impressively "right" and well handled, but lack a point of view. Shiloh will have to find her own subject matter, or, better still, her very own manner of putting pictures together. (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem). □



Yona Shiloh: drawings (Debel Gallery, Ein Kerem).

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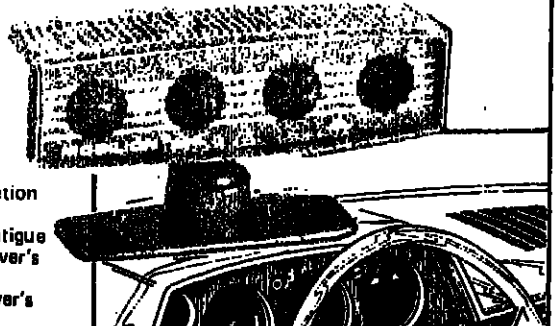
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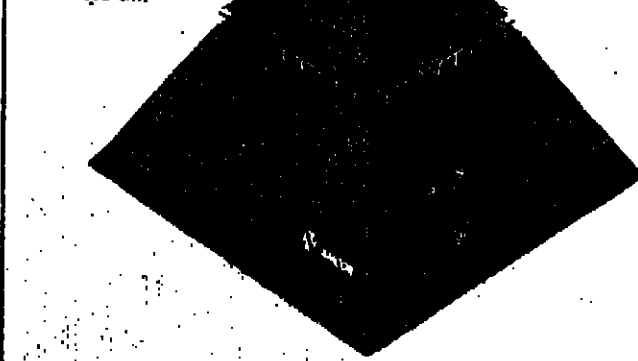
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Going nowhere

Gil Goldfine

ONCE UPON a time the road to becoming an artist was dotted with accepted signposts and it began with selling oneself as an apprentice to study and absorb the masters, to learn all there was to know about techniques and drawing. The road ended with the creation of works based on previous styles and historical standards.

Today, we have a young artistic community that is neither versed in the fine art of art nor willing to spend time developing skills.

Artist, teacher, musician, theorist and pursuer of talent, Rafi Lavi is the Pied Piper of the new canvas-and-brush set. As the veritable guru, Lavi deserves applause for his painterly and didactic contributions to Israeli art, but not necessarily short-term accolades for his support of specific art forms or specific artists trying to fight their way out of the proverbial paper bag.

Lavi has now curated a show of 11 young artists who, collectively, have very little to say. Their greatest achievement, which might be a basic means of surviving the times, is to emulate the recent past, rather than the long ago. To satisfy the latter would mean to learn to draw. To invest time in lessons in colour theory, to find solutions to composi-

tional problems, investigate theories of geometry and light, tackle rendering and so on. The sole criteria for acceptance at this exhibit was to bring the sort of work that Lavi could admire and approve.

Highest scoring at this unstimulating exhibit goes to Michal Heiman whose Penck-inspired figurative and abstract imagery indicates a controlled decision making process, unravelled, aggressive looking surfaces notwithstanding; and to Ora Ben-Nun, a graphic artist more than a painter, who is able to shuffle several alternating systems of art within one frame, from linear sketches and hard-edge abstractions to figurative synecdoche and topographical designs.

Roi Ophir's falling and labouring silver and black male forms are hidden behind an abrasive screen of pink and orange dayglo colours and are as confusing as the two compositions by Stav Ofrit, whose large grey, black and sepia-toned canvases are further muddled by whirling overprinted calligraphy. Diana Bonchev's swaying human forms and word games float in and out of an Ardon-like tinted fog, contrasted by shocking white shadows. Yael Farber's carefully drawn and illustrated genre scenes are a throwback to Cohen-Gall of the Seventies while Dvora Buball's installation of seven pictures is an unsuccessful attempt to



Michal Heiman: painting, from the show of Young Artists at the Tel Aviv Artists House.

fit unorthodox pieces into a logical scheme. Hagar Reber paints a cool zoological study of animals in a con-

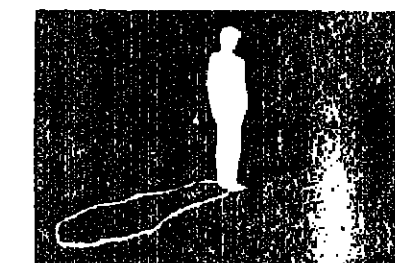


David Collett: black and white photo (Gallery for Photographic Art, Tel Aviv).

toured cross section of earthly encrustations with ephemeral skies, light and floating compared to Yehudit Rewach's heavy handed abstractions. The odd-painter-out is Ronah Bilson, a hard-edge abstractionist straddling the conceptual fence: her colourful, computer-like grids are laced with linear writing and transparent, free-form overlays. Shmcha Spelzer's open-framed three-dimensional pieces are hard to grasp for they are neither sculptural nor constructed, dynamic nor passive. Like so much of the show, they are just there. (Artists House, 9 Alhazizi, Tel Aviv). Till June 7.

IN A SOMEWHAT similar vein, but on a higher level, a three-person show of sculpture, photography and painting parallels Lavi's choice. The most original is David Collett (Kfar Hanassi) whose photos are a mixture of very black humour and very black concepts. Fine technical printing adds to the graphic moroseness as occult looking images span the spectrum, from bodily effacement with a razor to a Jekyll-and-Hyde portrait series.

Frederik Sion (Kibbutz Yaron) is an Algerian-born painter, dealing with the age-old problem of the figure as subject, form, line and shadow and its relationship to geometric patterning. The sculptor Naftali Nachmani (Kibbutz Namir) has brought earth bound boughs, canvas and cotton constructions, each one designed as a tool object whose appearance echoes primitive, yet useful, industrial or agricultural implements, to gather wind, convey



Frederik Sion: painting (Gallery for Photographic Art, Tel Aviv).

water, or to stack feed or lo The look of reality is expressed by the magical and tactile quality of the forms. (Gallery of Photographic Art, 19 Frishman, Tel Aviv). Till May 29. □

Tikotin Museum opens show of Ukiyo-e prints

A NEW exhibition, "Landscapes and Views in Japanese Prints," is now on view at The Tikotin Museum of Japanese Art (89 Hanan Ave., Haifa). On show are some 100 wood block prints by Shigemasa, Harunobu, Hokusai, Hiroshige and others. All the exhibits on display are from the museum's permanent collection. Due to the sensitivity of the exhibits to light the exhibition will be on display in two consecutive parts: throughout May and then June. An illustrated catalogue is available. □

WHAT'S ON

Notices in this feature are charged at IS885 per line including VAT; insertion every day of the month costs IS13,500 including VAT.

Jerusalem
MUSEUMS
Israel Museum. Exhibitions: Opening Exhibition: Joan Miro, Sculptures (22.15 at 8 p.m.); Continuing Exhibitions: Marc Chagall, Book Illustrations; Eighty Years of Sculpture in Israel; Window to Islam: Islamic culture, religion, science and court life; Gallery of the Roman Period—renovation of gallery and new finds; Nahum Tzvet, Wall Statues and Models for Large Sculptures; Jonathan Borofsky, Environmental Sculpture and 3-Dimensional Painting; Face and Body, New Acquisitions in Photography; Tom Seidmann Freud, Illustrations of Children's Books; Scripts, Home Theatre Sets and Greeting Cards; Permanent Collection of Judaica; Art, Archeology and Contemporary Israeli Art; 12 Pages from Cairo Geniza—Medieval Manuscripts. Special Exhibits: Floor Mosaic from Byzantine Farm, Masterpiece of Greek Pottery 6th Cent. Mosaic Floor, Ticho House; Works by Anna Ticho. Collection of Hanukkiot (open 10-4.30; Fri. 10.30-1.30). Rockefeller Museum: Kadesh Barnea, Judean Kingdom Fortress, News in Antiquities, Finds from Phoenicia Tombs, 10th to 7th cent. B.C.E.; How to Study the Past (for children). Paly Centre, next to Rockefeller Museum). Closed Saturdays.

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THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
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NAHUM GUTMAN
 Gutman the artist grew with Tel Aviv; his stories and some of his pictures form a kind of history of the city, but are not confined to Tel Aviv. Many of his paintings depict Jaffa, its bustling and squalid life, its orange groves and people, while other paintings portray Tiberias and Safed, landscapes of the Galilee, and seascapes. Gutman's paintings, as well as his stories are memories of another Israel, belonging to the past. The exhibition includes about 130 works, as well as illustrations and a selection from over one hundred books illustrated by the artist. The pictures were selected from the collection of the artist's family, and from private and museum collections. Many of the works will be exhibited for the first time. The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.
WHITE CITY — International Style Architecture in Israel
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MONDAY, May 21, 1984, at 11.00 a.m. Screening of Noa at 17 (Israel 1982; in colour. Hebrew with English subtitles).
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ON MONDAY, May 21, 1984, THE MUSEUM WILL BE OPEN FROM 10.00 a.m.-4.00 p.m. ONLY.
HELENA RUBINSTEIN PAVILION
 6, Tzvet St., Tel Aviv. Tel. 287198; 289760
 Visiting hours: Sun.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-1 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Closed Friday.
A PEAR AND AN APPLE — AN EXHIBITION ON STILL-LIFE

THIS WEEK AT THE TEL AVIV MUSEUM
NEW EXHIBITIONS (Opening on Tuesday, 22.5, at 8.00 p.m. — see Opening Celebration)
NAHUM GUTMAN
 Gutman the artist grew with Tel Aviv; his stories and some of his pictures form a kind of history of the city, but are not confined to Tel Aviv. Many of his paintings depict Jaffa, its bustling and squalid life, its orange groves and people, while other paintings portray Tiberias and Safed, landscapes of the Galilee, and seascapes. Gutman's paintings, as well as his stories are memories of another Israel, belonging to the past. The exhibition includes about 130 works, as well as illustrations and a selection from over one hundred books illustrated by the artist. The pictures were selected from the collection of the artist's family, and from private and museum collections. Many of the works will be exhibited for the first time. The exhibition is sponsored by the Tel Aviv Foundation for Literature and Art.
WHITE CITY — International Style Architecture in Israel
 The exhibition documents and explains an era of great importance in Israeli architecture, one which was also part of a world-wide trend. It illustrates the local and regional components which were incorporated into buildings of the International Style, a style which served as a point of departure for modern architecture in Israel and whose implications are still discernable to this day. The exhibition is comprised of two parts: the first one, A Portrait of an Era, includes photographs and building plans accompanied by explanations. Two models built especially for the exhibition demonstrate the special qualities of that period's architecture. The second part of the exhibition includes photographs of houses and of architectural details. These were taken by Judith Turner, a photographer from New York who specializes in artistic architectural photography. The exhibition is sponsored by the George Wasserman Foundation, Washington, D.C. and the Kiryat Foundation.

COLLECTIONS
CLASSICAL 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY PAINTING: IMPRESSIONISM AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM; 20TH CENTURY ART: A SELECTION OF ISRAELI ART; THE TWENTIES AND THIRTIES IN ISRAELI ART.
SPECIAL LOANS INCLUDING PAINTINGS BY MONY, MORISOT, PISSARO, BONNARD, MATISSE, ROTHKO, GOTTLIB AND OTHERS
CELEBRATION IN THE MUSEUM PLAZA
FOR THE OPENING OF THE NAHUM GUTMAN AND WHITE CITY EXHIBITIONS. Artists along Tel Aviv from the roof of the museum: Nurit Galron, Yehudit Ravitz, Metti Caspi, Shlomo Gronich and friends. Tuesday, May 22, 1984, at 7.00 p.m. Opening of the exhibitions at 8.00 p.m.
MUSIC
ISRAEL DISCOUNT BANK:
HOMAGE TO PABLO CASALS. First concert: Bach programme, with Uri Wiesell, cello; Aman Wiesell, piano. Second concert: Twelve cellists under the direction of Prof. Uri Wiesell. Programme: Works by Bach, Casals, Villa-Lobos, Scott Joplin and others. Saturday, May 18, 1984, at 8.00 p.m.
DANCE
STAGE FOR DANCERS. Young dancers and choreographers present their work. In cooperation with the Central Library for Music and Dance. Thursday, May 24, 1984, at 9.00 p.m.
SPECIAL EVENT
MATITYAHU AND ALEXANDER — Metti Caspi and Sasha Argov. Poems and songs by Altermann, Goldberg, Hefez and others. Sunday, May 20, 1984, at 9.00 p.m.
FOR THE GOLDEN AGE
MONDAY, May 21, 1984, at 11.00 a.m. Screening of Noa at 17 (Israel 1982; in colour. Hebrew with English subtitles).
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A PEAR AND AN APPLE — AN EXHIBITION ON STILL-LIFE

Science on show

Photographer **KAREN BENZIN** takes her camera to Rehovot's Weizmann Institute

IT TAKES more than a jubilee — in this case the Weizmann Institute's week-long celebration of 50 years of research in Rehovot — to get scientists out of their ivory towers and into conversation with the lay person. Other institutes throughout the world welcome visitors. But a casual guest at Harvard or MIT probably wouldn't be approached by one of the senior staffers with an offer like, "You want me to tell you what's going on here?"

"Only in Israel," explained one of the institute's old-timers, "would you find this kind of carefree enthusiasm."
 For the children, there were monkeys who were prepared to learn elaborate tricks for a handful, cats and rats, and perhaps best of all, Smurfs all over the place, dancing on computer display screens and appearing in print-outs and as the frame for personal photographs. For the more morbid there were mice with their brains exposed and attached to a machine that measured electrical activity, dead rats with heart beating and blood pumping, and explanations of why the brains of suicide victims differ from those of people who die natural deaths.

Electronics experts displayed techniques for making and testing revolutionary, wafer-thin, antennae that are expected ultimately to replace many of the functions of the dish antennae and horns now used for communications with satellites and aircraft, as well as picking up TV programmes from distant stations.

A computer programmed by Weizmann mathematician Adi Shamir challenged passersby to try to pirate its programme. This programme is being examined by major software manufacturers throughout the world in their ongoing struggle to prevent piracy.

Dr. Zvia Agur, an applied mathematician with a background in genetics, uses the tool of mathematics to explain the interaction of organisms, say a parasite, and their environment, in this case a man's body. "Until recently," said Agur, "researchers were only interested in the organism, itself a complicated biological construct. They worked under the assumption that the environment is static, a constant. But this isn't the case. It changes all the time, and by relating the organism to these changes, by reducing the most important factors to mathematical symbols, pharmaceutical researchers, for instance, may be helped in their search for more effective drugs."

Other scientists demonstrated how some fish generate electricity; how some cancer cells may be reversed to normality; how children may learn new ways to conceptualize using the "Agam method" of visual education; how one can type one's own blood; what the insides of a microscope look like; and how to designate water with membranes.



(Top) Demonstrating that plastic burns unless it contains bromine. (Above) The keyboard of a dual-alphabet typewriter. (Below) A simple game to illustrate nuclear potential.

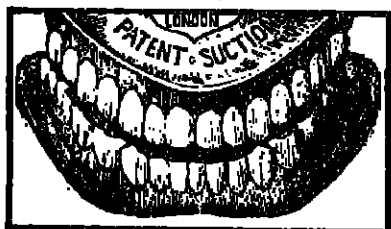


(Top) New world-view from blood seen through a microscope. (Above) Device to convert sunlight to electricity. (Below) Proving that pure science needn't exclude pure fun.



ONE OF the prime purposes of this column has been — and will continue to be — the widening of our readers' intellectual horizons, the deepening of their social awareness and the making of a few bub on the side for myself.

It is in pursuit of these noble aims that I now propose to discuss John Woodford's *The Strange History of False Teeth*. First published in 1968, it is now available in paperback (Routledge & Kegan Paul, £3.95) and amply bears out von Keyserling. "Whoever profoundly understands a superficial part of life," the philosopher once remarked, "necessarily gains metaphysical insight along with it."



How very true. When we were both cellophane youths in what is now called Dad's Army, Johnny Tyrer impressed me with his sang-froid when we were shown the spot where our unit was to "delay" the Wehrmacht for 15 minutes. Underneath this impassivity, I later learned, he was a maelstrom of seething emotions, not — I hasten to add — because we were about to be turned into raspberry jam, but because he was being driven to distraction by his girlfriend, Mitch. Like many healthy young males, the question that occupied all his waking moments was Did She or Didn't She? In Mitch's case, however, the problem was not her sexual availability but her teeth. Did she or didn't she wear dentures?

"Why don't you simply ask her?" I suggested, but he would have none of it; couldn't I see that it was a matter of principle, that she should have volunteered the information? I dimly understood that, like the fellow in H.G. Wells's *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, he couldn't bear the thought that in her mouth were "lies in the shape of false teeth."

I must now take unfold that will make your blow-dry hairdo stand on end like quills upon the fretful porpoentine. Completely obsessed, Johnny invented unconvincing excuses to peer closely at her gums. While they were kissing on the back row of the pictures, he tried devious and extensive explorations with his tongue. Eventually, in simulated passion, he employed a super-suction technique that rivalled an industrial vacuum-cleaner — but to no avail. Things got completely out of hand when he jolted a medium out of her trance at the weekly séance organized by his dotty mother by asking her to consult her Red Indian spirit guide on the subject.

Finally, Mr. Churchill resolved the matter by sending Johnny to Burma. He never did find out.

DENTAL PROBLEMS are as old as history. Even the Mona Lisa, I was once informed, wore that enigmatic smile rather than reveal her rotten teeth. Woodford tells us that Voltaire was quite toothless, hardly news to anyone who's seen Houdon's bust, and joked about his disability when Boswell asked him if he spoke English. "Sir," he replied, "in order to speak English it is necessary to place the tongue between the teeth and I have no teeth," presumably like our TV announcers who insist on calling the British prime minister "Mrs. Thatcher." Voltaire should have ordered an *aperitif* which, as every schoolboy knows, is French for a set of dentures.

Ranks of Tuskany

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

One of the best-known sufferers was George Washington, whose ill-fitting dentures produced the deformity that is immortalized on every dollar bill. The poor man was reduced to eating pickled tripe and had to disguise the foul taste of his ivory teeth by soaking them in port wine which, unfortunately, turned them black.

President Grant had to cancel all his scheduled speeches when his teeth fell overboard during a world cruise, but this would not have bothered Andrew Jackson who never wore either of the two sets he'd been provided with. Grover Cleveland, poor man, had his entire upper jaw removed together with his teeth and replaced by an appliance. "His appearance," says Woodford, "was positively improved."

People were paid to have their healthy teeth removed to be transplanted into others' jaws and, since the demand exceeded the supply, the fields of Waterloo and Gettysburg were plundered by ghouls, the teeth being shipped by the barrel-load. "Oh, Sir," says a character in *The Life of Sir Astley Paston Cooper*, "only let there be a battle and there'll be no want of teeth. I'll draw them as fast as the men are knocked down."

I recently came across a reference to Tennyson wearing one of these resurrection sets. It is a sobering thought that the man who wrote *The Charge of the Light Brigade* wore dentures that had literally been extracted from the "jaws of Death" and the "mouth of Hell."

Nelson's Lady Hamilton evidently preferred a fate worse than death. Laetitia-Matilda Hawkins revealed in her *Memoirs* that the young Emma, penniless and desperate, was on her way to a dentist to sell some of her teeth when she met an old fellow-servant "who persuaded her to resort to a less creditable method of making money."

By far the strangest story in Woodford's *History* is culled from Harold Macmillan's wartime diary. On a mission to Finland, Lord Davies, his fellow-delegate, lost his teeth on a Swedish train. "It is thought," Macmillan recorded that night, "that the teeth may have been stolen by a Gestapo agent."

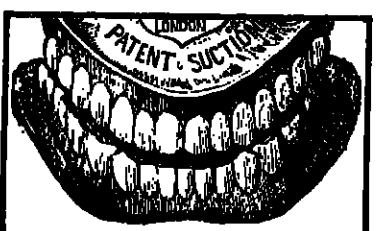
So much for Woodford, the sort of book you can really get your teeth into.

FALSE TEETH have always been a staple item in the repertoire of music hall comedians, whose spiritual home is, of course, Blackpool. On Central Pier not long ago, I bought a pair, beautifully modelled in shocking-pink and white Blackpool rock. I haven't had the heart to eat them and they now figure prominently in the decor of our living-room — serving as what the Americans call "a conversation piece," though I prefer to think of them as a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

When it comes to dentures as an art form I'm in good company. Sir Iain Moncreiffe of that ilk, the former Unicorn-King of Arms for Scotland, figured in a recent book by Tina Brown. Lunching at Langan's, she said, Sir Iain whipped out his teeth with the cry, "Pretend it's a butterfly!" Sir Iain confirmed the story in an article he wrote for *The Listener*. "That golden plate," he inwardly in one's palm, did look like a

butterfly, and," he added manfully, so that even the ranks of Tuskany could scarce forbear to cheer, "if you've got to clean your teeth on a napkin between courses with a pretty gal, it's literally shameful to be furtive about it."

Dentures take their rightful place in literature as well as art. You may recall Captain Good, in Rider Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines*, whose nervous habit of plucking out his top set terrified a savage tribe; Jolyon Forsyte getting his plate stuck in a lump of nougat "in the presence of the only two women he had ever loved"; and Bithel's astonishingly badly-fitting false teeth in Anthony Powell's novels, *The Valley of Bones* and *The Soldier's Art*. "Before going to sleep," Powell wrote in one memorable cameo, "Bithel had placed his false teeth in the ashtray. He had removed them bodily, the jaws still clenched on the stub of a cigar."



I'VE MADE spasmodic attempts to stave off caries, playing Cats Cradle with Dental Floss and even using the toothpicks that I was so shocked to see on the table the first time I visited an Israeli restaurant. Louis Kronenberger, who, as an American, was used to this sort of thing, thought that "a gold toothpick was the acme of vulgarity," while Frances Trollope, the mother of the novelist who was herself a writer, damned all 19th century Yankees for the way they cleaned their teeth with pocket knives.

She would wholeheartedly have approved of Sir George Sitwell, the father of Edith, who while at Eton invented (together with "a small revolver for killing wasps") a musical toothbrush that played *Annie Laurie* as he cleaned his teeth. The nearest I ever came to this sort of thing was an electric toothbrush, but the tooth is stronger than friction and, anyway, I got fed up with having to visit the electrician twice a year.

Nothing helps; even if you were to spend several hours a day caring for your teeth, there isn't a dentist in the length and breadth of Israel who wouldn't treat you as if you had bubonic plaque.

"ARE WE the youngest married couple in Britain with false teeth?" a reader once asked the old *Empire News*. "My wife is 18 and I am 20." Things haven't improved very much in the meantime, the advantages of the National Health Service being offset by sugar-loaded junk foods, and more than half the population still lose all their teeth by early middle age.

Hardy's maltster, in *Far From the Madding Crowd*, got on well enough without any teeth at all. "He had been without them for so many years," Hardy wrote, "that toothlessness was felt less to be a defect than hard gums, an acquisition." I knew many like him when I was a lad and they were usually ready to entertain us by "gunning," making their chins and noses meet, like living

Punches and Jugs. They even took part in gurning competitions in the days before TV and earned entertainment.

Other poor souls, though, were condemned to a diet of pabs — bread soaked in warm milk — for dentures were beyond their means unless they could find a suitable pair of second-hand ones. You could see these unfortunates trying them for size at market stalls which specialized not only in used teeth, but also sold discarded spectacles and even trusses which need re-upholstering. Of course, they'd all been dusted off and, as the stall-holder pointed out, were fit for a king.

Some time ago, I came across Woody Allen's story about Achilles Loudon, "who first realized that he had unusual powers when he found that by concentrating he could make his father's teeth jump out." Achilles may have been responsible for the international incident at Notre Dame in Jerusalem, a few years before the Six Day War, when an old man living in the hostel dropped his false teeth out of the window into no-man's-land. The Mixed Armistice Commission eventually arranged for teams of Israeli, Jordanian and UN officers to search the wilderness of rubble, weeds and anti-personnel mines.

I couldn't see any justification for these brave men risking life and limb. After all, he could — in the stoical Lancashire tradition — simply have gone without, like Mr. Goldberg in the story of the 1940 blitz. "Just a moment," he told his wife, who was trying to hurry him into the shelter, "I've got to get mine teeth." "What do you think they're dropping," his wife asked, furiously, "pickled meat?"

Sometimes like the "twofer" tickets for Broadway shows about to fold, economies were made. A waiter noticed that an old codger in a restaurant was staring moodily at his plate while his wife was gobbling her food.

"Is anything wrong, sir?" he asked.

"Nay, Ind," came the reply, "I'm just waiting for Ma to finish with the teeth."

Communal teeth were by no means uncommon. T. Thompson, the Lancashire dialect writer, once wrote a *Guardian* column about a couple sharing a set and the husband complaining that he couldn't whistle with them. This may have inspired the gag that a whistle stop is a dental adhesive.



IT'S QUITE remarkable how often teeth crop up in crimes of violence, most frequently because they come in handy as projectiles. Some magistrates have learned to duck faster than Mohammed Ali and many a wife has had to perfect her footwork. Even Sherlock Holmes referred to the subject in one of those throw-away remarks that, like the Giant Rat of Sumatra, are simply there to tease. In the Dundas Separation Case, said Holmes, "the husband was a teetotaller, there was no other woman, and the conduct complained of was that he had drifted into the habit of winding up every meal by taking out his false teeth and hurling them at his wife."

The British press, ever alert to a story about a mother-in-law, knicker or false teeth, has provided me

with a fat file of clippings about false teeth turning up in time jellies after being hidden by a jealous wife or being potted on a snooker table instead of the ball. One set, suitably mounted on an inscribed wooden plinth, is the glittering prize contested by some Welsh Rugby Union teams. Everyone felt that they made a most appropriate trophy since for more than 50 years Bill Emmitt's teeth had fallen out every time he cheered his Gwent club to victory.



I WAS VERY, very indignant a few months ago when the vet made a house call to treat our cat and my wife took the opportunity to ask him to look me over and I was only slightly mollified when I came across a clipping about the British Army Dental Corps fitting a set of false fangs to the tiger-skin trophy of the Royal Anglian regiment without, apparently, voicing any objection. If it were not for dedicated men like these, moving easily between the human and the animal kingdoms, I've no doubt that Steven Spielberg's movie, *Jaws*, would have been called *Guns*.

A number of people once wrote to *The Times* claiming to have heard the first cuckoo of spring at the end of January, but the *Evening Standard* revealed that they'd been hoaxed by Ezekiah Johnson, a road cleaner. "I used to do the nightingale, too," he confessed, "when I had my teeth in."

Many people have difficulty enough with ordinary speech, let alone bird imitations, because of ill-fitting dentures. "Matisse is what I go to the dentist for," one suffering art-dealer is reported to have said, and historians will argue for centuries whether Winston Churchill's slurred delivery was due to a phill (he kept all but five of his own teeth all his life) or to a fondness for Courvoisier. Sometimes, of course, there were other unfortunate side effects. Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, for example, became London's answer to the Fontaine de Trevi. "The brilliance of her talk," it was said, "was to some extent spoilt by the accuracy with which she spat in the eye of the one she was talking to."

It seems clear that a good fit is unconnected with the expense involved. I well remember how impressed I was with the easy manner with which Noël Coward namedropped about royalty in his diary. "Tonight I go to the Chevreuil d'Antaignes to dine with the Queen of Spain, who," he noted on July 9, 1964, "has been having trouble with her lower plate."

She could have done with a few tips from David Hockney's father, a Bradford working man who hasn't let his painter son's fame affect his blunt — I nearly said no-nonsense — Yorkshire ways. Hockney Senior does imitations of the Emperor of Japan, taking his teeth out to get the most striking effect. A kindly man, he always says of Hirohito, as he replaces them, "Ah, well, I suppose he can't help it."

Where the Queen of Spain could have profited from his example is the way he has his dentures organized. Full of grace and methodical, as northerners say, Hockney's dad keeps one set in a jam jar marked "Best Pair," another marked "Next Best" and a third marked "Not Bad."

MAREK HALTER — intellectual, painter, freedom-fighter and bestselling author in his home country for more than 30 years, France. His latest novel, *La Mémoire d'Abraham*, traces the history of a Jewish family from Jerusalem in 70 CE to Warsaw in 1943. In retracing the path of this family, actually his own from the 15th century on, he paints a picaresque view of the development of European civilization until the 20th century, demonstrating clearly the place of the Jewish people in the history of humanity.

La Mémoire d'Abraham has had a great success in France and will be published in English in New York next year. It will inevitably be hailed as "the Jewish Roots," and, indeed, negotiations are already under way for a French-American TV co-production.

Marek Halter is a man with a perpetual cause. He knows what Jean-Paul Sartre knew: that no one in this world is free as long as people are being tortured and killed anywhere. His journey to the Middle East to plead for peace with leaders of the various factions resulted in his first book, *Le Fou et les Rols* (*The Jester and the Kings*). He organized the boycott of the World Cup in Argentina to protest the brutal policies of the military dictatorship there.

He and the philosopher Bernard-Henri Lévy created the *Comité des Droits de l'Homme*, the Committee for the Rights of Man, to intervene in trouble-spots everywhere, and they went to Afghanistan together to install two radio transmitters for the rebels. And he has demonstrated relentlessly on behalf of Russian dissidents, especially for Andrei Sakharov, for whom he is launching a new campaign this spring.

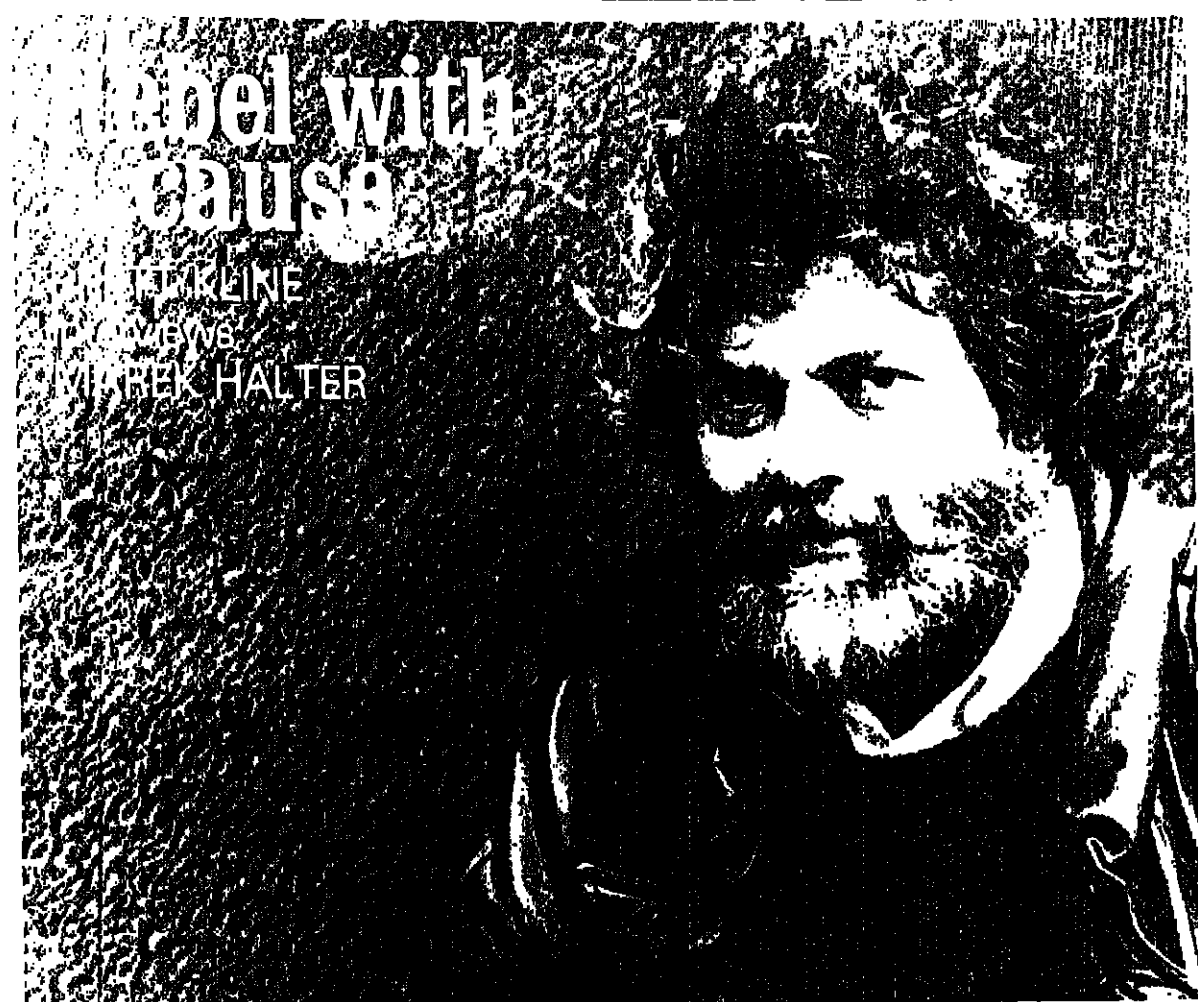
Halter calls *La Mémoire d'Abraham*, on which he worked for six years, a "demythification of the Jewish people and their role in history," to demonstrate how "they have always been in France and Europe" and are not strangers from distant lands. He says he wrote not to evoke emotion but to promote understanding between people of the world.

HALTER WAS BORN in Warsaw in 1936, his mother a Yiddish poet and father one of a long line of printers. In the summer of 1942 they fled the Ghetto by crawling through the sewers, made their way to Russia, returned to Poland after the war, and finally arrived in France in 1950. His grandfather stayed in the Ghetto to continue publishing an underground newspaper, and was eventually killed by the Nazis.

That is where the book ends. It begins with the scribe Abraham fleeing Jerusalem with his family as the Romans burn the Temple. The 2,000-year saga takes the family first to North Africa and then to Europe, with journeys back and forth across the continent, down the centuries, sometimes for brief visits, until they finally end up in Warsaw.

Halter's ancestors worked with Gutenberg to produce the world's first printing press. Another ancestor, Berl Halter, printed *L'Ami du Peuple*, one of the manifestos of the French Revolution, in a printshop in Paris. His grandfather was one of the first to print tracts in Yiddish calling for Russian and Polish Jewish workers to rise up against the Czar.

Marek Halter is technically neither scribe nor printer. But having written *La Mémoire d'Abraham*, he is both. The book is a testament to his parents and ancestors, a dis-



play of love and respect for their pursuit of dignity and freedom throughout history.

Question: You never seem to be fighting for a cause, something you are fighting for. What motivates this constant struggle?

Answer: Yes, I always have a cause but I am not a politician. This need goes back to my birth in Warsaw three years before the war. I have always asked myself why, when thousands were dying in the Ghetto, no one came to help. Or why no one showed any real solidarity with the millions being killed in the concentration camps.

Years later, I was introduced to Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir in a St. Germain cafe. They asked me about the Soviet Union and about the Soviet Union, where I had also lived. And then Simone de Beauvoir said innocently that she and Sartre had toured France by bicycle in 1943.

It was nothing serious, but I was stunned. At the moment I was condemned to death in the Ghetto, people I later came to admire were taking a bicycle tour of France, stopping to make love, to listen to the birds and to pick flowers.

I resented her not lying to me. She could have said, "We couldn't eat for the thought of thousands of Jews being massacred in the Ghetto," but she didn't say that. At that moment I knew that as long as I had some kind of power, intellectual power, I would do everything I could so that one day no one could say to me: you travelled at your leisure and ate well while we, be it Africans, Jews, Palestinians or Asians were being killed....

Judaism for me is several values combined called a "universal ethic," on which Jews have formed their identity. It began 5,000 years ago at the foot of Mount Sinai with the Ten Commandments. We can never be free in a world that is not, can never be free of slavery as long as one slave exists in the world. That is the basic principle of Judaism; not the recognition of history, but the belief that evil exists, as well as the means and obligation to fight it.

Your book has received a great deal of attention. Who is reading it?

At first, I thought, above all, the

Jews — Jews interested in their own history and settlement in France, who discovered for the first time that they had always been here and in much of Europe. But I have noticed that many Catholics are reading it and know that several cardinals have read it and have advised their following to do the same.

Recently I met Monseigneur Lustiger, the archbishop of Paris, who said, "Thank you for having written our history." And then he took me aside and said in Yiddish "Nu Marek, how are you? We must get together soon. Your book is an extraordinary step in the Judeo-Christian reconciliation without making any concessions."

I think the meeting was very symbolic. We didn't speak French together but Yiddish. He was born a Jew in Poland and was converted at the age of 14. He is an important person in the Catholic world — he may be pope one day.

Why do so many Jews define their Jewishness only when they are forced to do so by an anti-Semitic attack?

This calls to mind the big debate over Sartre's book, *Reflections on the Jewish Question*, written just after the war, in which he portrayed the Jew vis-à-vis the anti-Semite. Certain Jewish intellectuals criticized him for portraying a "negative" Jew, that is, a Jew who feels Jewish only when he is attacked. When he is not attacked, is he still Jewish? Sartre responded intelligently enough that he had described a non-authentic Jew, as he himself was not Jewish and had never dealt with anti-Semitism.

Personally, I feel I am an authentic Jew. Judaism never presented itself as a problem for me. I have never used it to affirm myself, nor to feel any glory. It was always quite natural and quite normal.

I remember how my mother repeated to me, before going into the sewers to flee the Ghetto, that if a German patrol stopped us and asked me if we were Jewish, I was to say "no." Well, when the patrol stopped us and asked "Juden?" I said "yes" and we were saved, because they said "Jews never admit to being Jewish. The boy is kidding, let them pass."

Judaism was a form of enrich-

ment, a complimentary identity. And because I am Jewish I can enrich in a special way the society in which I live. This is what counts.

At one time you published a magazine in France called "Elements"....

Yes, it was a magazine that dealt with the Middle East, with Israel and its neighbours. We began just after the Six Day War in 1967. Israel was considered by many to be an imperialist country. So the magazine was important, being the only one for which Palestinians and Israelis worked and wrote together. We were the first to say to the Left that we, too, were on the Left but also pro-Israeli, for its right to exist. And we said to the Jews that we were pro-Israeli but the Palestinians also had the right to a country, and that there had to be a dialogue.

We could not be ignored because of the important people contributing, including many notable Frenchmen. There was Gunter Grass, Pierre Mendes-France, Claude Roy, Jean-François Revel and Sartre's group; and Calvino, Carlo Levi and Alberto Moravia in Italy; Octavio Paz and Ernesto Sobato in Latin America; my American friends from Harvard, where I taught for two years, and others such as Bob Silvers, now director of *The New York Review of Books*, Martin Peretz of *The New Republic*, and Ben Bradlee, now editor of *The Washington Post*.

We needed all these people. They represented the full range of the intellectual left. And they couldn't be attacked for supporting the idea of dialogue between Arabs and Israelis, because they were needed for other causes. Things such as the Vietnam War, Latin America, Soviet dissidents and Afghanistan.

You discontinued the magazine?

Yes, in 1973. I had the idea of visiting the political leaders directly, instead of writing about them. So I went to see Nasser, Sadat, Golda Meir, Ben-Gurion, Begin, Arafat, Dayan and Habash. They all received me and I ended up writing a book about our meetings — *Le Fou et les Rols*. I wondered why they all agreed to see me. I represented nothing, I was not even a writer at the time; I was a painter.

But perhaps all politicians, locked into their own political discourse, need an opening from time to time. Perhaps coming on behalf of all these intellectuals from all over the world, I gave them this opening.

What does Israel mean to French Jews?

I think it is thanks to Israel that Jews in France can really be French. Absurd but true. Because with the destruction of the Temple, the Jew began to carry around with him what Freud called an invisible edifice: the sentiment of doubt. Wherever they went, and however they worked, in the same patterns as other people, there was always something missing. Other people had their land, their villages, police and army, but the Jews always lived in doubt. But the day the edifice, Israel, was created, the doubt disappeared. Jews can be completely content everywhere because Israel exists.

I disagree with Begin, Shamir and Likud politics. I believe that Zionism does not exist any more. Zionism was a national liberation movement to create a state. Well, the state has been created and no one is stopping us from going to live there. Today we are not Zionist but pro-Israeli, which is completely different.

We are ready to fight for her existence for two reasons: one is humanitarian, out of justice, a justice handed to the Jews. In the same way, the Palestinians also have the right to a state, but next to Israel and in peace.

The other reason is that the men and women who live in Israel have the same memory as we do. We cannot forget it. For example, the millions of Irish in America today do not forget when they read in the newspapers what is happening in Belfast. They are 100 per cent American, ready to fight for America, but they know that the people who die in Belfast have the same memory as they do. Those Americans are preoccupied by the future of Belfast. This is normal. When there is an earthquake in Naples, the millions of Italian-Americans feel something because they have the same memory as the Neapolitans. That doesn't stop them from being fully American.

Why does France have the reputation in the United States of being an anti-Semitic country?

It is in France that the greatest number of terrorist acts deemed anti-Jewish have occurred. But France has been labelled anti-Semitic for bad reasons. Terrorism is the expression of war between two political systems, capitalism and democracy and Russian communism. The Soviets have understood for many years now that the least expensive and most productive form of war is terrorism. I'm not saying the Russians are behind every act of terrorism, but if I wanted to destabilize French society, I would hit its most sensitive spot, and that is the Jews.

If you throw a bomb in Lille and kill 10 people there, it will be on the front page of the newspapers for one day. Bomb a synagogue, and it is talked about for years. But these acts are not committed by French people and are therefore insufficient evidence of anti-Semitism on a popular level.

On the other hand, the French still have a guilty conscience about the deportation of 90,000 French Jews in World War II. This was one of the worst moments in French history, not easily digested by the French today. Americans also know the history, and this might account for the talk of an anti-Semitic France.

THOSE WHO make history are not only the doers of the great or terrible deeds that fill it. They are also the chroniclers without whom those deeds would remain buried in the debris to which most human events are consigned by the ages.

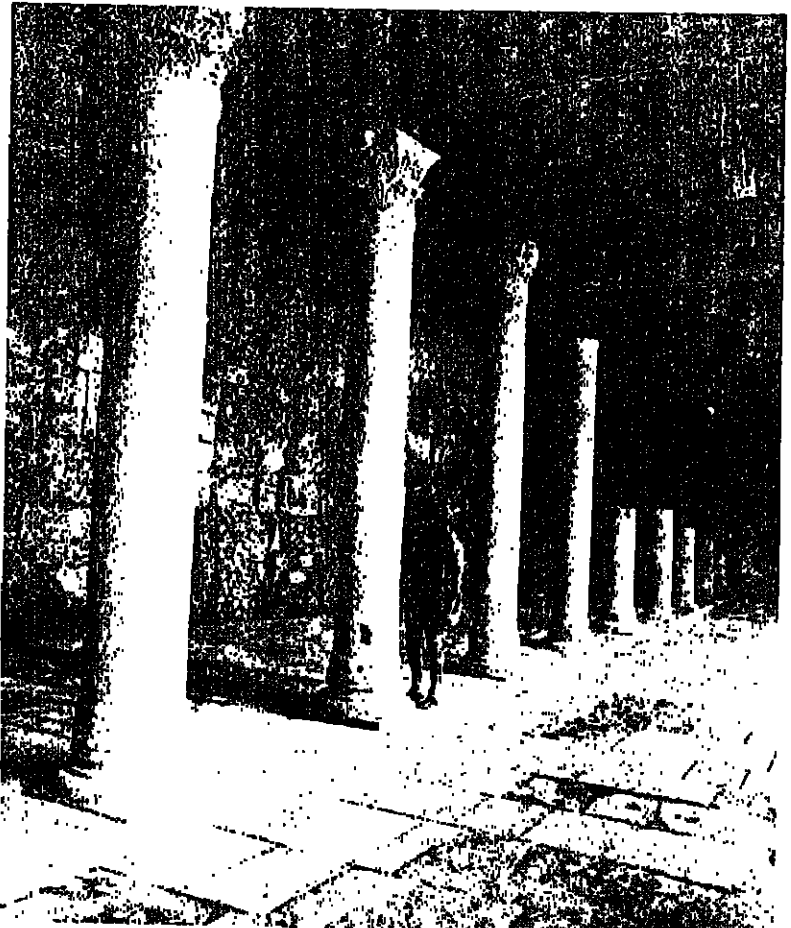
Prof. Nahman Avigad is in this sense one of the great history makers in Jerusalem. He didn't merely chronicle the past; he revealed for the first time, to his own astonishment and to ours, a significant part of what we now know about Jerusalem in antiquity.

One of Israel's most distinguished archaeologists, he began excavating in the Jewish Quarter, after the city's reunification, at an age when most men contemplate retirement. He was to continue for a decade to direct one of the most intensive and physically difficult excavations ever carried out, his team extending the annual seasons from the normal two months to eight. He was racing to unearth the quarter before it was filled in again by the massive restoration that took place after the Six Day War.

In this book, Avigad describes that experience not just in scientific terms but as the exciting drama it was. His surprisingly easy style — surprising to those who are familiar only with his meticulousness and scientific caution — will carry even the uninformed reader with him on his adventurous plunge into the bowels of the earth — and the seedbed of Jewish history.

IT WAS Avigad who exposed for the first time the near-Pompeian opulence in which the Jewish aristocracy and priests dwelt in the Second Temple Period. He uncovered, too, remnants of columns and capitals that revealed the existence of monumental architecture of an international standard. It was distinct from the provincial Palestinian architecture scholars had hitherto known. Poking through the houses of well-to-do ancients, he found they

Opulence revealed



DISCOVERING JERUSALEM by Nahman Avigad. Nashville, Tennessee, Thomas Nelson, Oxford, Basil Blackwell, 270 pp. £19.50.

Abraham Rabinovich

had observed the injunctions against statues and other graven images, and had maintained ritual purity with elaborate systems of baths. There seems to have been some back-

sliding, however, in connection with the injunction against drinking gentile wine. Numerous wine flasks found in the debris.

Some of Avigad's most dramatic finds are the cherted remains telling the story of the Roman conquest of the Upper City of Jerusalem in 70 C.E., a month after the Temple Mount fell.

The size of Jerusalem in the First Temple period was an important

subject of dispute settled convincingly by Avigad. Minimalists, supported by Dame Kathleen Kenyon, had contended that the Jerusalem of that period had been confined to the eastern hill below the Temple Mount. The maximalists had preferred to believe — Avigad acknowledges that their conviction was based partly on emotion — that the capital city of Judah could not have occupied such an insignificant area, and must have spread as well over the western hill on which today's Jewish Quarter is located. Avigad soon began accumulating abundant evidence of First Temple period settlement in the area. His discoveries were crowned by the uncovering of a seven-metre-wide city wall which confirmed, even for Kenyon, that the city had indeed spread over the western hill.

AVIGAD'S caution was vindicated when he uncovered the cardo, the city's main north-south road. It had been assumed by virtually everybody that this impressive colonnaded road was Roman since in this fashion the Romans had built their cities. Avigad may have thought so too but the coins and other evidence he found there established that it was from the Byzantine period which followed the Roman. He therefore assumed that the Byzantines had made use of an existing Roman way, and he prised up parts of the road in search of the Roman remains below. To his astonishment there were none. Basing himself on his evidence, he announced the discovery of a Byzantine cargo built to link the Church of the Holy Sepulchre with the magnificent Nea Church, whose remains Avigad had found also.

This well-illustrated book is a basic work for anyone interested in knowing something of the physical and cultural conditions within which ancient Jerusalem lived, and in knowing something about how we know.

A bridge

EZEKIEL 1-20. Anchor Bible. Translation, Commentary and Introduction by Moshe Greenberg. New York, Doubleday, \$16.00.

David Geffen

"A TRANSLATION of and commentary on a biblical text should bridge the gap that separates the present-day reader — with his culture and tradition-bound range of knowledge, assumptions and conventions — from the ancient Israelite, who encountered the text with different knowledge, assumptions and conventions conditioned by his circumstances. There is no direct way of ascertaining how the ancient Israelite was informed, but since biblical literature in general, and prophecy in particular, aimed at edifying the people, there is every reason to assert that it was composed in accord with the understanding of the people."

In this fashion Moshe Greenberg states his credo regarding this translation and commentary on Ezekiel. The prophecies of Ezekiel, the third of the major prophets in the Bible, have always provided a fascinating field for study. For those individuals for whom Hebrew is a native or acquired tongue, the book is accessible if not always understandable. English readers have been less fortunate because the earlier translations of Ezekiel have never really done justice to the text and its nuances.

That situation has been remedied by this long-awaited work. The Anchor Bible series, issued by Doubleday over the last 20 years, has provided scholar and layman with a significant corpus of English translations of the books of the Bible. The two Ezekiel volumes — the first contains 20 chapters of the text — were assigned to Greenberg, who is the Professor of Biblical Studies at The Hebrew University. A graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary of the University of Pennsylvania, he is a member of the team of scholars which produced the new Jewish Publication Society translation of the Prophets and (Newman) and the Sacred Writings (Kewman).

"FOR EZEKIEL," Greenberg stresses, "there is but one complete text, the so-called Masoretic Text, whose consonantal form has come down to us since about the second century CE in a single standardized edition — with hundreds of trivial differences in mss. and fragments, reflecting human inability to copy infallibly but also perhaps some stubborn relic of pre-standard texts."

After arguing quite convincingly why other scholarly attempts to deny the authenticity of large sections of Ezekiel are unsatisfactory, Greenberg offers this important guideline for all translators of the texts of antiquity:

"There is only one way that gives any hope of eliciting the innate conventions and literary formations of a piece of ancient literature, and that is by listening to it patiently and humbly. The critic must curb all temptations to impose his antecedent judgements on the text; he must immerse himself in it again and again, with all his senses alert to catch every possible stimulus — mental, idealational, aural, aesthetic, linguistic, visual — until its features begin to stand out and their native shape and patterning emerge."

THE NAME and work of Moses ben Maimon, the great Andalusian, alias RAHMAM and/or Maimonides, has remained for more than eight centuries a magic wand to conjure up the Jewish spirit at its most creative. In the sage of Fustat-Cairo, whether as commentator and codifier of Halacha or as religious-philosophical guide of his time, generation after generation of Jews discovered the fountainhead from which to draw the pure, vitalizing waters of instruction and inspiration. It is a mute question who was greater: Rambam the halachist or Maimonides the philosopher. The philosophy of *The Guide of the Perplexed* was, by its very nature, — and the author's explicit testimony — the province of an esoteric minority: the universality of the Code, the *Mishneh Torah* (not too felicitously translated as Repetition of the Torah), was proved by its instant, nearly global appeal and success. In spite of its rigorously high scholarly standards it became — and has remained — a popular work, copied, printed and quoted *ad infinitum*, attracting new commentators and fresh insights.

There is an artistic side to the *Mishneh Torah*: the quasi-architectural ground-plan of the order and composition of its 14 books and their subdivisions, the solemn openings of each book with the judicious use of Bible verses, the clarity and brilliance of its language and style — all point to a strong aesthetic sense and intention on the part of the author. It is not surprising, then, and only fitting, that already early on the work attracted the labours of master scribes and master illuminator-decorators, of which some splendid examples have survived.

The most splendid of these is the Codex Maimuni in the Kaufmann collection in the library of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences in Budapest, to which it was bequeathed at the death of David Kaufmann (1882-99), one of the luminaries of *Juedische Wissenschaft*. A few years ago, Alexander Scheiber, head of the Jewish Theological Seminary of Hungary,

Medieval splendour



CODEx MAIMUNI (Moses Maimonides' Code of Law) The illuminated Pages of the Kaufmann Mishneh Torah. Corvin/Helikon-Strasbourg. Available from The Jerusalem Post, \$138.

Alexander Carlebach

today the only surviving seat of Jewish learning in Eastern Europe, published a volume of facsimiles of illuminated pages out of a total of the Codex's 1304 pages, with an explanatory text in Hungarian. It is now out of print.

As readers of *The Jerusalem Post* have already been advised (13.4.84 *Center*), it has now reappeared with an English text, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Bert (Baruch) W. Strassburger, a Frankfurt-based philanthropist, *talmid hacham*, himself a native of Hungary and a Holocaust survivor, and, as this volume shows, a Maecenas of Jewish art and scholarship. He has succeeded in

obtaining contributions from prominent Maimonidean scholars, such as Isidore Twersky's Prologue; Joshua Blau's Appreciation; a short Epilogue by Shlomo Pines; the English version of Professor Scheiber's substantial Introduction; and Madame Gabrielle Sed-Rajna's learned discussion of these illuminated pages from an art historian's viewpoint.

I CANNOT claim to be an expert in Sed-Rajna's field, and one has to refer the reader to her instructive exposé. Yet the border-line between art history and general cultural (Jewish) history is fluid and hard to define. Two mysteries surround the origin of this unique Codex: where was it written, and who was its illuminator? The colophon (tailpiece) of the manuscript gives us the name of the scribe, Nathan ben Shimon ha-Lei, and that of the princely patron who had commissioned the work, Abraham ben he-chaver R. Berachiah, who happened to be his brother-in-law, and the exact dates at which the writing began and ter-

minated. They are Iyyar 9, 5055 (= April 26, 1295) and Elul 8, 5056 (= August 8, 1296). This represents 16 months in all, which is an extraordinarily short period for the elaborate, decorated writing of more than 1,300 pages, not to mention the beautiful, painstaking illuminations and decorations. The names of the patron and his wife (the scribe's sister) Yentel — oh shades of Barbra Streisand! — are attached to two miniatures on Plate XXIII, surely a rare if not unique feature in a rabbinic text. But where did these people live, and where did the scribe work? And did he do the illustrations himself, and if not — who? These two problems, of course, are closely interrelated.

For a long time it was assumed that the Codex originated from its native city of Cologne, one of the oldest and illustrious Jewish communities in Europe. Even the writer in *Germania Judaica* (11.1, p. 438, n. 64, published as late as 1968) accepts this theory, which gains in strength through the fact, that another scribe adding annotations and some German-French responses to the original text states explicitly that he carried out this work in Cologne. Granted that, as Madame Sed-Rajna argues persuasively, the illustrations squarely place the manuscript in the orbit of the school of illuminators of Northern France. Yet she herself finds a number of stylistic features that belong to Rhenish and even Southern German schools. The cultural unity of Christian Europe was certainly such — and so was the mobility of its scholars and artists — that Cologne need not be considered as lying outside the orbit of the Northern French school.

A decisive argument in this controversy should be the historical circumstances at the end of the 13th century. Jewry in Northern France was a beleaguered and harassed community. The infamous bonfire of 24 cardinals of sacred texts perpetrated in Paris in 1240 was followed by the gradual decline of French Jewry — intellectually, communally and economically — which led to the expulsions from 1306

onward, only a decade from the date of our Codex.

In contrast, for Cologne Jewry the last decades of the same century were a period of relative security and prosperity, as evidenced by Archbishop Engelbert II's generous privilege of 1266, which can still be seen engraved on stone in Cologne's famous *Dum*. It is far more likely for a priceless manuscript such as the Codex to have originated here than in the declining Paris community, or even less so, in one of the minor ones of N. France. In view of the second scribe's Cologne colophon, one may apply the talmudic legal principle: "Here it was found, here it has been" — until it was sold to Italy in 1482.

EVEN MORE COMPLEX is the question of the identity of the artist. The scribe's colophon makes it vaguely possible that he could have been the illuminator as well. Professor Scheiber calls it "probable." The amazing basic unity and harmony of the work would point to a single scribe-illuminator, just as would the latter's use of *midrashic* motifs (less likely in a non-Jewish artist). On the other hand, the choice of such iconographical subjects as pagan mythological motifs (centaurs, unicorns), hunting scenes, and even a ribald, obscene motif is rather non-Jewish, though it may appear surprising that such illustrations were included at all. In any event, close cooperation between scribe and the illuminator-decorator must be assumed.

These as yet unsolved problems add the spice of mystery to this superb creation of the artistic genius of European Jewry, true *Torah-im-Derech Erets*. The Scheiber-Strassburger facsimile volume is a handsome example of the modern printer's art, and proves itself eminently worthy of its 13th century progenitor. Binding and jacket are of an equally high standard. The editors-sponsors of this ambitious project deserve the gratitude of bibliophiles and art collectors and, above all, of those who consider themselves disciples of Ramham. □

IT SHOULD surprise no one to learn that ill-feeling between Ashkenazim and Sephardim predates the establishment of the State of Israel and the large influx of supposedly culturally inferior Jews from the Moslem world. Inter-ethnic rivalry verging on racist intolerance has existed for centuries between Sephardim and Ashkenazim, with alternating periods of ascendancy for each group in most countries of the dispersion. But it took the creation of the Jewish State for this rivalry (along with religious/secular and other differences) to be exploited for political ends.

It is more than likely that the politicians, themselves governed by little-understood unconscious forces, were not fully aware of what they were doing when they tampered with infantile and largely intractable racist feelings.

We know what the final station is of the racist train of thought. But the phenomenon continues to be exploited here and a large number of Israelis are today indulging in this explosive nonsense, arguing group superiority on biological and/or "cultural" grounds.

As an honest historian, Abraham Galante (1873-1961) did not flinch from recording the excrementitious generalities of inter- and intra-tribal conflict as he encountered them in Turkey and other Mediterranean countries. "*Les deux éléments (Sépharadim et Eschénazim) s'insultent et se méprisent*," he noted in his two-volume *Histoire des Juifs d'Isanbul*. "Ainsi les Sépharadim appellent les Eschénazim *Lehli* (qui

Fighter for truth

ABRAHAM GALANTE: A Biography by Albert Kalderon. New York, Sepher-Hermon Press, 95 pp. \$10.

Alec Israel

signifie Polonais, dont le sens fut transformé en sale et, de leur côté, les Eschénazim appelaient les Sépharadim teigneux.

With "dirty" and "lousy" the biggest guns in the Jewish armoury of epithets, it seems reasonable to assume that the non-Jewish anti-Semitic environment was relatively benign. Those Jews from the "civilized" West who saw in "darker complexions" and "different bone structure" conclusive evidence of congenital intellectual inferiority were clearly identifying with more pernicious oppressors.

FROM HIS YOUTH Galante was concerned with fighting anti-Semitism and raising the intellectual standards of his fellow Jews. He became a teacher and an inspector of schools on the island of Rhodes and Smyrna. His was a force for progress and Enlightenment — ultimately naive maybe, but coldly dedicated. He never doubted his people's ability to take off intellectually if given half a chance.

In 1904, pitting himself against the tyrannical rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid II, he left Turkey for Egypt,

where he edited a Ladino newspaper and contributed to French, Turkish and Arabic publications. He used his paper to fight for Jewish rights and soon acquired a reputation as a journalist and a social activist.

After the revolution of the Young Turks, with whose activities he was associated in Cairo, Galante returned to Istanbul, where he was appointed professor of Semitic languages and — later — professor of the history of the Ancient Orient. He was a delegate to the first Turkish National Assembly after the Great War and a member of the Turkish Parliament in the '40s.

As a politician and an educator, he enjoyed considerable prestige and was ideally placed to present the Jewish case to the authorities, coming to the defence of the Jewish community when they were accused of disloyalty, and when, in the '40s, *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* and Henry Ford's *The International Jew* were widely circulated in Turkey.

But it is mainly as an historian that Galante is remembered today. Cecil Roth described him as the sole member of an illustrious Society of Turkish Jewish Studies. If Galante is not better known outside academic circles it is no doubt partly due to the inter-communal rivalries referred to above. The truth is that, since Galante began writing, and especially in the two decades since his death,

no student of the history of Near Eastern and Balkan Jewry has been able to ignore his contribution. Roth, Gershom Scholem *et al* were indebted to him, *et al* especially. In 1953, President Yitzhak Ben Zvi, one of the few Israelis who knew what Galante had accomplished, paid him a courtesy visit on the island of Kinoli, some 40 minutes by boat from Istanbul.

GALANTE saw it as his job to rescue the past from the maws of oblivion. He did not set out to analyze trends, impose a grand view, present a flashy synthesis. As Kalderon tells us, "he always wrote in a non-academic style avoiding... 'la pesanteur doctrinale'." There was enough prosaic detail in danger of being lost to keep him busy until the end of his long life.

He had access to Turkish government archives and translated into French the documents pertaining to Jews under Ottoman rule. Since most of the Anatolian communities, for example, have disappeared, the information he recorded is of great value.

Galante preferred to be read than praised and the disgraceful fact is that none of the Jewish presses published his books; none of his works (mainly in French) has been translated into Hebrew or English.

Although the late Albert Kalderon's book is hardly the "full-length biography" it is presented as on the dust jacket, it is the first serious biographical study of this important scholar in English and we must be grateful for it. □

IF AS Henry Feingold says in his introduction to a unique volume, there is cause to worry about the shrinking ratio of Jewish to other American population, a commemorative album is mandatory both as reminder and spur. There is much to be celebrated. From the first Jewish immigrants to the memorabilia and exotica reproduced in the end papers, through the anti-Semitic pronouncements, gravestone rubbings, naturalization papers, and notices of new business ventures now become national institutions, the generalization that Jewish achievement far outstrips Jewish numbers is given specificity and point.

The compiler, Allon Schoener, cast his net wide and has dredged up, for example, a 1793 newspaper announcement about packet-boat passage from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, in which Jacob Meyer, shipowner, guarantees "no danger... from the Enemy, as every person on board will be under cover, made proof against rifle or musket balls and convenient portholes to fire out of." He has turned up a 150-year-old letter singing the curative praises of White Sulphur Springs, another from Mordechai Manuel Noah proposing the establishment of "a city of refuge for the Jews" on Grand Island near Buffalo; an account by Isidor Straus, founder of

Family memorabilia

THE AMERICAN JEWISH ALBUM: 1654 to the Present by Allon Schoener. New York, Rizzoli, 142 pp. including Index and Bibliography, \$45.00.

Evelyn Strouse

Macy's, of his father's store in Talbotton, Georgia ("My father's partner boarded with us and this enabled my mother to defray her outlay for groceries"); and a moving exhortation by a Cincinnati rabbi concerning the abduction and religious conversion of a Jewish boy in Rome.

As we move forward in time, photographs and written records become richer, and include appropriately illustrated reports of grim sea voyages, of landings at Castle Garden before Ellis Island existed, of overland treks to small midwestern towns, of strikes and sweatshops and the great Triangle fire. A brief essay by Irma Levy Lindheim repeats a number of shibboleths: the distaste of German Jews for "anyone born east of Berlin"; the inviolability of invested capital; the priority of education.

As antidote to Mrs. Lindheim's middle-class German respectability, we are treated to a travelogue by Josephine Marcus of San Francisco, who toured what was then a wilder west with her common-law husband, the all but legendary Wyatt Earp. For Mrs. Lindheim an expedition to Altman's department store had all the Kohl-daubed mystique of slinking through the Casbah, whereas for Ms. Marcus mountain climbing on muleback and out-facing bandits were part of the daily routine of getting from one outpost to the next. It is comforting to be told that when Wyatt Earp died Josephine buried him in a Jewish cemetery.

THE RISE of the Yiddish theatre, the lynching of Leo Frank, the beginning of the Columbia Broadcasting System, the emergence of Jewish playwrights, composers, actors and politicians — all these are related in first-person narratives which intensify the familial nature of the album and reinforce the belief that all Jews know each other. Since I, too, am a member of the family, I will allow myself to observe that the album is disappointing, is, in fact, seriously

flawed. Errors and omissions, cheap production, careless proofreading, irresponsible editing cannot be disguised by a glossy book that fails to satisfy the expectations it raises. Above all, it can't be judged by its cover. Here is a huge tome, as thick as your wrist, as long as your forearm, as wide as your waist, printed on slick paper too heavy to crease, its frontispiece illustrations in full colour and its black-and-whites recently reproduced. But it is inadequately (a euphemism; I mean cheaply) bound, its boards pasted to endpapers so flimsy that they tear when the book is opened wide. The typeface is black and square and modern, uncomfortable to read; the leading, and therefore the white space, is almost nonexistent, and every page seems to be in mourning; the right-hand margins are unjustified; and finally, because there are three columns on most pages, the unevenness makes you dizzy.

Moreover, the copy-editing is cavalier. One outrageous example: The back flap summarizes the book's contents, cuts off in mid-paragraph, and assures the reader that the text will be "continued on the back flap." Maybe they meant the front flap? No; reposing there are a few sentences about the author; we are doomed never to know what the blurb writers planned to tell us. On the other

hand, certain subjects appear and reappear, exhaustively described and pedigreed. Suppose, for example, that I look with interest at the portraits of Samuel and Johanna Haas Westheimer of Missouri, and of the Schwartz family of New York, and I want to know more about them and why their faces peer out at me from the same page, along with Aunt Sallie's cow in Cincinnati? Aunt Sallie who? Was her cow a carrier? Are they related, the Westheimers, the Schwartzes and the cow? Schoener is suspiciously silent.

On the other hand, the Rodgers family is on record from the cradle to the grave. Of course, it's obvious that the baby pictures of Richard Rodgers are more salable than those of Aunt Sallie, but they can have taken little effort to dig up. And they don't provide new or startling information about our Jewish heritage.

Like the snapshots and theatre programmes we deposit in our own albums, Schoener's collection is haphazard and insufficiently documented. Despite the variety and excellence of its source material, and the vast reading his bibliography attests, a definitive Jewish family album remains to be compiled. Undoubtedly, however, an army of famished readers will devour Schoener's fare, and find much to sate their hunger. □

Despite all the worry that money brings, just a tiny million dollars buys a lot of things.

THE ONLY aspiring millionaire of my acquaintance was my uncle Emanuel reputedly working on his third million, the previous two having come to nothing. And it wasn't so much the money he was after. Basically uncle Emanuel wanted to be, and often was, loved. For it is a well known fact that whereas all the world loves a lover, it loves a millionaire more.

David Frost, being of an enquiring not to say ferreting mind, has written an excellent foreword to *Who Wants to be a Millionaire?* In a synoptic and aphoristic way reinforced by a plethora of quotes, he has addressed himself to the millionaire's paradoxical dilemma: how to gather the lolly and what to do with it once you have it, the latter being the more vexing of the two. He quotes Maurice Baring, "If you want to know what God thinks of money, look at the people He gives it to." Next, he rings the changes on St. Paul's often misquoted letter to Timothy, "The love of money is the root of all evil." Mark Twain amended this to "The lack of money is the root of all evil" and David Frost comments, "Money is very often the fruit of evil, rather than the root of it."

Gentlemen do not discuss money, but when interviewing millionaires what else is there to talk about? Here is a sample dialogue with Roy Thompson the Canadian newspaper tycoon:

Q. Did you set out from the beginning with the idea of making money?

A. Oh, always...yes. That was my dominant ambition, and I still want to make it.

Mr. Thompson then reveals that he wants to make money to buy businesses.

Q. You want to make more money to buy more businesses?

A. That's right.

Q. In order to make more money?

A. No doubt of it.

Q. And when you've got all the businesses you could buy, making all the money... what would you have been doing it all for?

A. To make more money, to buy more businesses.

MR. THOMPSON is nothing if not honest, be it on the blatant side. Moneyed opinions vary. Paul Getty thought that "If you know exactly how rich you are, you are not really rich" whereas John Jacob Astor opined that "A man who has a mil-



Taki's "Princes, Playboys & High-class Tarts" (Katz-Cohl, \$14.95) is a collection of his best columns from "Esquire" and "The Spectator." Taki, the son of Greek shipping tycoon John Theodoropoulos, profiles the rich, the vulgar, the charming and the stylish. Kennedy's Jugglers, royalty and gangsters are mercilessly limned by this "terrorist among the rich." Some of these jet-setters, outfitted by Yves Saint-Laurent, accompanied him to the Golan when he covered the Yom Kippur War. A.B.

Of cash and cads

WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE? by David Frost. London, Andre Deutsch. 114 pp. £4.95

THE BOUNDER'S COMPANION by Harry Chance. London, Hutchinson. 128 pp. £5.95

Wim van Leer

lion dollars is as well off as if he were rich." Clint Murchison Sr. (oil) passed on to his sons several hundred million dollars each and the simple advice, "Money is a lot like manure. Pile it in one place and it stinks like hell. Spread it around and it does a lot of good."

Woody Allen enlarged the adage "there is one thing money can't buy - poverty" by stating that "money is better than poverty - if only for financial reasons."

Thrashing around the history of millionaires Frost always gives us the price of their costly foibles in present-day dollar values to bring out the full flavour of their enormities. For example Onassis remodelled his yacht in 1954 at the cost of three million dollars (\$10.4

"to pay for the gold taps, marble bathrooms and the bar-stools covered with whale testicles." Jacob Astor "the world's greatest monument to unearned increment" had \$2,500 in his pocket when he went down with the Titanic. The ship's five-man millionaire complement left an aggregate of \$2,179 million and one of them is reputed to have berated the deck-steward at the moment of impact. "I say, steward," he complained, "I did order ice - but this is ridiculous."

THE BULK of the book is devoted to the spending, untrammelled by modesty, rather than the garnering phase of millionaireism. Frost presents us with a landscape of conspicuous consumption and counterproductive ostentation. Mindboggling examples of self-indulgence emerge:

Helena Rubinstein by throwing an empty box of tissues over the ship's rail disposed of \$244,389 worth of diamonds; the maharajah of Baroda gave each of his elephants a gold chain costing \$544,511; Clarence Birdseye, the inventor of frozen foods, sold his interest for \$120 million to Lazio Biro "who

in 1919 invented the Biro ball pen." (I'm afraid here Mr. Frost is in error. The rather weak patent-structure is dated 1939.)

Not all gathered their lolly along the primrose path. Stanley Mark Rifkin lucratively reprogrammed the computer of the Pacific National Bank of Los Angeles, syphoning \$18,145,000 into his pocket, enabling him, during the following six years, to teach binary mathematics at the State penitentiary; in 1982, Miss Alberta Joyce of Atlantic City milked a slot-machine for \$919,559. King Khaled, Adnan Khushoggi, Gordon Selfridge and Thomas Lipton make cameo appearances; William Hearst, who spent \$190 million on truckloads of art, proclaimed somewhat ungrammatically, "Pleasure is what you can afford to pay for it"; Howard Hughes, no also-ran in the Millionaire Stakes went invisibly but firmly mad, dying of malnutrition in a chartered Learjet, leaving \$1.5 billion but no will. "Howard Hughes was able to afford the luxury of madness," an aide said, "like a man who not only thinks he is Napoleon, but hires an army to prove it."

For my money, it may well be the root of all evil, but it's damned handy to go shopping with.

BOUNDER: "A would-be stylish person kept at or beyond the bounds of society, or found irrepressible by it." C.O.D.

In my opinion it is only the tail-end of this definition which applies. For where else can the boulder successfully operate but within society, the natural habitat for his predatory instincts. For, first of all, the boulder is an opportunist, not only exploiting opportunities, but creating them. For example, take the chapter on the family black sheep in my recent autobiography *Time of my Life* (obtainable from this worthy journal), in which I explain at length and with considerable erudition that, whereas the black sheep is a consensus appointment, the boulder is a self-appointed autodidact. But whereas the chapter on the family black sheep (a subject on which I have considerable expertise) is not without leverage - think of the remittance men of yore - the boulder, living off his wits, has to go it alone the hard way. Yet, while the criminal plunders society, the boulder merely sponges.

Harry Chance (I assume it is not his real name, obfuscation being the hallmark of the boulder) having succeeded in his chosen calling, wishes to pass on the information to the fraternity, an enterprise of commendable generosity, if somewhat

out of character. He enumerates the weaknesses of human society which are but the compounded weakness of its members, turning the "on his advantage unencumbered by either ethics or morality or outmoded concepts of decency. He leaves the good fight against evil to those so inclined."

Let's listen to Harry on the subject of being expelled from seats of learning. "Take a positive attitude; most people only go to one public school. A really skilled expellee, however, can go to as many as six, and acquire membership of old boys' associations of all. It is true that the nature of schools that will accept the expellee changes after the first couple, but there are compensations. A godson of mine found himself after a record eight expulsions at a maximum security public school in the Orkneys."

There is a useful chapter on how to get a soft job in the prison library for those doing their porridge (note the professional terminology). He advocates a casual mention to the prison-padre of an abiding admiration for, and acquaintanceship with, the Bishop of Chester. Useful as this information may be to my readers, emulation may bring disappointment when informed that this job at the prison library is presently occupied by one of our ministers.

Penetrating society these days is less of a problem since people don't check either Debreit or parish registers when assessing new companions. This is of advantage to those who must arrive in society fully formed "like Venus on the half-shell, but better dressed," preferably titled. This demands caution: Windsor is unsound, as people think you are German or Greek, but the hyphenated patronymic (from Dave Smith to Davidson-Smyth) is recommended.

A fair portion of the book is devoted to work (avoidance thereof) as is the climb up the executive ladder to decision-making (avoidance thereof). Marriage for fun and profit gets due attention.

Halfway through the book, the inspirational gastank shows "Empire," yet Harry bravely splutters on, getting more verbose about less and less substance, desperately panting for the contractual wordage. He devotes one chapter to what the well-dressed boulder should wear; an exercise I consider self-defeating since the whole point of boulderism is not to be recognized until it is too late and the cat is in the bag. In despair he takes to listings, irrelevant appendices and an examination paper entitled "How do you bound?"

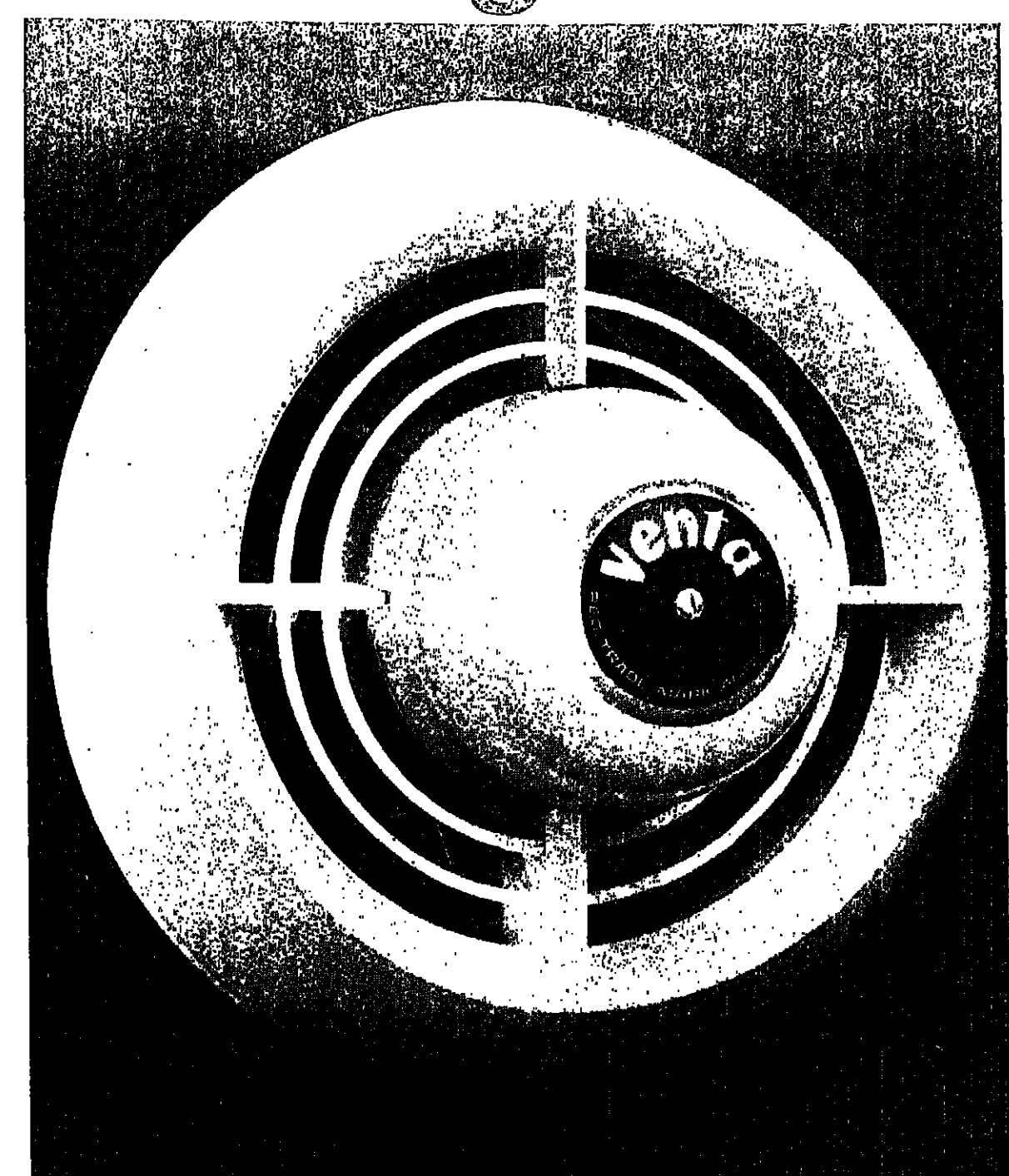
The case of Lionel Trilling, "in which Trilling's effacement of his Jewishness is demonstrated, is followed by a symposium, "Sincerity and Authenticity," that includes Trilling, Irving Howe, and four others, all apparently Jewish except for William Hamilton. None of them has anything to say as a Jew or anything Jewish. It's Hamilton who remarks: "I guess I speak as a Protestant" concerned about "the domination of the category 'work'... Some of the great modern artists are in fact harlequins, clowns, and ought to be allowed to be so..." It's the Jews who speak for the Protestant ethic. Here's Howe: "I remember William Faulkner once said that work is the only thing you can do all day, and I think he was right."

HERE'S A final quotation from an article by Philip Rieff: "...I have not the slightest affection for the dead

church civilization of the West. I am a Jew. No Jew in his right mind can loing for some variant of that civilization. Its one enduring quality is its transgressive energy against the Jew of culture... Christian transgressions are still so vital that the recent well-publicized statements of Christian remorse are likely to be a condition of further transgressions, as the Jews continue to resist their assigned roles and, worst of all, refuse to disappear into the universalist future 'Man'. The gospels were not good news; the unspelled present has its supreme pleasant feature, the death of the church - or, less pleasant, its conversion into naively therapeutic institutions..." All this long before the bureaucrats of the World Council of Churches took to parroting George Habash.

No danger of salmonellosis from *Salmagundi*. It may take a note to Indiana, but for solid, rewarding, tasty fare, order "the works." □

Clearing the air



costlier air conditioners, I'd be a millionaire," he quipped.

THE SIMPLEST method of installation is to cut a circular hole in the window-glass. This, however, will make it impossible to open the window fully, and may interfere with tasks such as window-washing or laundry-hanging. Wall installation is messier, but may be preferable in the long run. If you live in a private house or a top-floor flat, you may be able to put an exhaust fan directly above the kitchen stove - an excellent location for drawing out heat and fumes.

The exhaust fans are meant to work with either an interior door or a window open in another part of the room, as they operate on a principle of air exchange. Salesmen will talk to you about the number of "air changes" per hour - which means how many times per hour the total air capacity of the room is drawn out and replaced. Printed brochures generally quote power in watts, revolutions-per-minute of the motor, and the volume of air delivery in cubic metres per hour. Energy consumption is very low - usually about half that of a 100-watt light bulb.

Unless you are an engineer, you will have to rely on the company's brochures and its agents to figure out the particular size of fan you need. You have to have faith in the company with which you deal to rely on its stated claims.

A PRIVATE household could use an exhaust fan in windowless lavatories (where contractors automatically install them); in kitchens, to remove fumes, odours and some of the heat; in living rooms and bedrooms to extract stale air and smoke; in photo darkrooms, shelters, attics and other ill-ventilated spaces.

The consumer is faced with a baffling array not only of brands, but models within each brand. Vento alone offers some 25 variations. There are differences in size and strength. Some fans are reversible, able to draw in fresh air, as well as remove the stale air. And there are several methods of installation - in the window-pane, in the wall, in the ceiling.

At Vento, for instance, I was told that the smallest four-inch, exhaust only, model is for lavatories. Small kitchens need a six-inch or seven-and-a-half inch, either exhaust only or reversible. Large kitchens, bedrooms and living rooms may require a 12-inch reversible.

There are so many variations that it is difficult to quote prices. Vento wall and window models for average kitchens may run from IS14,180 to IS32,270 (from \$72 to \$165 at a rate of IS195 to the dollar). If you need the bigger 12-inch reversible, it will cost between IS44,672 and IS50,825 (about \$229 to \$260). Installation adds another IS3,000-IS4,000. There is a year's guarantee.

Here I should emphasize that Pollitzer always speaks of "ventilation" and not "cooling". "If I could cool rooms at these prices, in place of

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

THERE IS NO public agency today in Israel which certifies the claims of "air delivery" performance of any of these wall and window fans. The Standards Institution of Israel has no standard or even specification for this type of fan. Hence no local manufacturer is entitled to carry a *lav taken* (standard emblem) on its products.

There is a compulsory standard - No. 900 - for the safety of all household electrical appliances. Local manufacturers are legally obliged to produce their goods in accordance with this safety standard, but they are not required to submit samples for testing by the Standards Institution.

Samples of imported window and wall fans, on the other hand, do undergo compulsory testing by the Standards Institution - but only for safety. Its electrical laboratory tells me these safety tests are also an indirect assurance that the product is durable, but emphasizes that this does not in any way certify its claims as to performance. If an import agent tries to tell you otherwise, ignore him.

If a local manufacturer wished to obtain a Standards Institution emblem, he would have to bear the high initial costs of having a stan-

dard, or at least a formal specification, drawn up and approved. Perhaps one day Vento and/or Gal-On will do this, if only for the publicity it would earn them. Meanwhile, Pollitzer points to the fact that some models of Vento have been approved by the Canadian Standards Association.

Gal-On tells me that its products can be some 10 to 40 per cent cheaper than those with the Vento label. This is partly because Gal-On is a relative newcomer to the domestic-fan field, marketing them only in the past couple of years, although it has been producing industrial and commercial fans for more than two decades. A spokesman for Gal-On admits that its wall and window fans are apt to be less aesthetic and more utilitarian in appearance than Vento's; for one thing, its blades are made of metal and not plastic. He claims, however, that Gal-On has answers for all domestic ventilation problems, and details are available at the country-wide network of Mutzrei Tehen shops.

THE ONLY importer I visited for comparison purposes was Clark Agencies of Holon, which imports fully-assembled Vortice fans for home use, and assembles larger industrial and commercial fans from imported parts. One of its partners, Mark Artman, told me his fans are about 15 per cent more expensive than comparable sizes of local

brands, and attributes this both to the import duty - a low 12 per cent - and to what he says is the higher quality of the Italian-made product. He says Vortice is the largest manufacturer in Europe of ventilation equipment, employing 8,500 workers in Italy alone, apart from its subsidiaries in England and France.

If Vortice's overall quotations for doing a kitchen sometimes seem lower than Vento's, this is because it claims it can achieve the same results with a smaller fan.

Mark suggests that the proper solution for kitchen ventilation is not the standard propeller-type window or wall fan, but rather a centrifugal type placed over the stove which sucks up fumes and grease particles, and removes them through a pipe to the open air. This is more expensive than the ordinary propeller fans.

Pollitzer counters that there is a new Vento Turbo, which is also centrifugal; but he says this is needed only in special circumstances where the exhaust fumes must be carried some distance to an outlet. He does not recommend this for ordinary kitchens, and, in fact, says the propeller type is easy to open and clean, whereas the centrifugal type would be virtually impossible for the householder to clean.

Another point of contention between Artman and Pollitzer is whether a reversible fan is desirable in a kitchen or not. Artman contends that one should never put a reversible fan in a kitchen or lavatory because, if set on "ventilate," rather than "exhaust," it will simply bring the bad odours into the rest of the house. Pollitzer concurs only as to lavatories. But he says that a family sitting around in a kitchen during a meal can enjoy the ventilation intake setting - provided the fan is always set on exhaust when cooking is in progress.

About the only point on which the Vento and Vortice spokesmen agree is that filter hoods over kitchen stoves are virtually useless unless they are the type with ducts to the exterior of the building, and then they are more expensive than exhaust fans. The type of non-ducted hood which purports to absorb smoke and odours into a filter is mainly a decorative device, they say.

ONE MATTER on which the various ventilator firms agree is that air conditioning is not a substitute for their products. In many cases, they say, air-conditioners and air-exchange fans should work simultaneously. They point out that it is only necessary to enter a smoke-filled office with a working air-conditioner to realize that, while this is cooling the air, it is not removing the stale air and fumes.

Pollitzer confesses that when air-conditioning first became popular in Israel, he feared for the future of his Vento business and, for a time, became an agent for Amana air-conditioners. Not any more. What happened was that the arrival of air-conditioning made people more conscious of better ventilation and actually boosted the interest in exhaust fans. In some cases, a Vento wall fan is used to enable a single air-conditioning unit to cool two adjacent rooms.

Furthermore, many of our homes do not have sufficient electrical power to run several air-conditioners simultaneously. A window or wall fan can ventilate rooms for which there is not enough power, or not enough money, to support an air-conditioner. And some people prefer sleeping with a good ventilation system rather than air-conditioning.

- MARTHA MEISELS

THE JACKET promises "essays, interviews, symposia" on culture and politics, literature and literary theory. That's quite a spread, but the contents are not belied by the esoteric name: *salmagundi* - "a dish composed of chopped meat, anchovies, eggs, onions with oil and condiments" (OED).

Since 1965 the Boyers have been editing the *Salmagundi Quarterly* from Skidmore College, Upper New York State. The quarterly quickly established itself as a lively, probing medium on the interdisciplinary scene. This *Reader* is a welcome act of retrieval, a collection of some of the best pieces of the past decades.

They include a defence of the modern city by George Steiner; Lucy Davidowicz on how the Danish Red Cross was deceived by Himmler at Theresienstadt; Erich Heller's perceptive argument for a line connecting German Romanticism and Freud; and John Bayley's

A spicy appetizer

THE SALMAGUNDI READER edited by Robert and Peggy Boyers. Bloomington, Indiana University Press. 622 pp., \$25.

Haim Chertok

appreciative analysis of John Berryman's poetry.

Let me cite just three pieces which drove me to interrupt my wife's reading, and charmed her into rapt attention.

"A Conversation with V.S. Naipaul" begins: "R.B. - Some-how it seems strange to meet you here in this setting... [Wesleyan College].

V.S.N. - "I don't belong here, or

course, although everyone has been very gracious. It's an intolerable place, really. Do you know that my students can't find a shop that sells *The New York Review of Books*? The college store apparently has never been asked by a member of the faculty to carry such a publication. I don't think you will find your own magazine here.

R.B. - "Still, the experience of teaching bright students must have its pleasures.

V.S.N. - "Are they bright students? I don't know..." With each exchange, V.S.N. gets testier and funnier.

MARK SHECHNER's fine analysis: "Psychoanalysis and Liberalism: